Matthew Peters....

A... Foreign Immigrant

HELEN M. GOUGAR..

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To Willis & Alice Proctor

from Uncle Walt)

Nov. 5th 1898

Kirkwood, Mo.

The Golden Rule.

I ask not for myself a right
Which I to others would deny;
With all mankind I'd share the light,
Nor would I rule by force of might,
But on the golden rule rely.

All men bear their paternity
In common with their fellow men—
Equality, fraternity,
Should rule the heart and
guide the pen.

And when this hallowed rule prevail
Tyrants, crowns & Kings shall fail,
And man & woman equal born
Shall stand erect that glorious morn
And recognize the right of each
To liberty of thought and speech.

Nov. 12th 1898

M. H. Peters.

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other, Mrs. Anise Sharp Rob-
rts, maintained one of the "Stations"
f the Underground Railroad. Here
e lived among the pure and lofty
ouls, who gave him in their home
he place of a son. The scars of un-
indness were healed, and the foun-
ation of a truly noble character
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Mother" Roberts and the health-
l surroundings of the new home.
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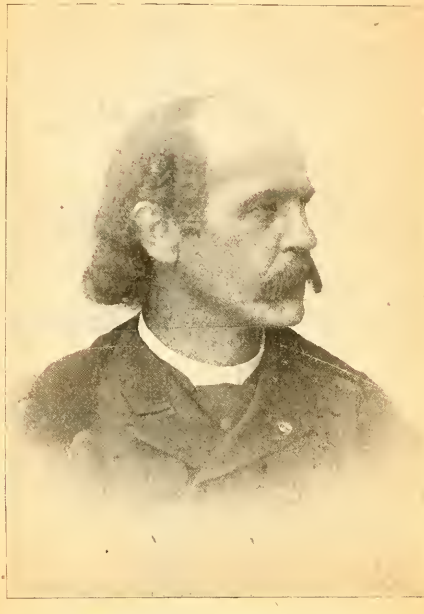
Co. E, 16th Ohio Volunteers and
erved his term in Virginia and Mary-
nd during the summer. In the fall
e re-enlisted at Xenia, Ohio in Co.
, 74th Ohio Volunteers, under Capt.
ook, who was a brother of General
eorge Cook. Altogether he served
street gamin for whom she had ten-
derly and lovingly cared nearly half
a century before. Maj. Peters is one
of the nation's true nobleman. He
is a man of fine literary attainments
and creditably served one term in
the legislature of this state. He pos-
sesses fine business ability and is es-
teemed by all who know him for his
high integrity. We have begged per-
mission of the major to publish in
this paper, next week, his poem
"Brother and I," written upon the
incident of his service in the Union
army and his brother's service in the
Confederate army. We cannot close
this brief biographical sketch with-
out acknowledging our obligation
to Mrs. Helen M. Gouger, who wrote
and published in book form the story
of the life of Major Peters. The
book is entitled, "A Foreign Emi-
grant" and is an interesting history
and a beautiful tribute to our worthy
neighbor and fellow townsman.

Watsek

J. J. V

Children's fine knit
NO. 724.



HON. MATTHEWS HENRY PETERS.

Maj. Peters was born in the burg of Ober Otterbach in Germany, June 6th, 1843. In 1846 his parents came to America and landed at New Orleans. In 1853 the terrible scourge of yellow fever carried away the thrifty father and mother and also two children, leaving Matthew and his brother Samuel, aged respectively 10 and 8 years, orphan waifs to be cared for by the fitful decrees of chance and charity. The two boys found an asylum at an orphanage in New Orleans where they remained until bound out to those who sought such unfortunate waifs of society as those for servants. Matthew was taken by a poverty stricken tailor, where he met with only the harshest and most brutal treatment. He bore his burden of sorrow and maltreatment for some months and then braving all dangers ran away from his cruel master. While loitering about the levee, hungry and desolate he met Henry S Roberts, one of those fearless and noble souls who in those days devoted their lives and energies to the liberations of slaves from bondage. Mr. Roberts learned some things from the boy, probably guessed much more and finally persuaded him to go to his home. Here he was kindly treated and sent to school. He remained with Mr. Roberts until the breaking out of the civil war, when he enlisted in the Confederate army, but was rejected because he was too young. He then went to Columbus, Miss., and enlisted in the 2nd Mississippi cavalry, but was again

where he met with only the harshest and most brutal treatment. He bore his burden of sorrow and maltreatment for some months and then braving all dangers ran away from his cruel master. While loitering about the levee, hungry and desolate he met Henry S. Roberts, one of those fearless and noble souls who in those days devoted their lives and energies to the liberations of slaves from bondage. Mr. Roberts learned some things from the boy, probably guessed much more, and finally persuaded Matthew to accompany him north. Mr. Roberts lived near Springfield, Ohio, and with his mother, Mrs. Anise Sharp Roberts, maintained one of the "Stations" of the Underground Railroad. Here he lived among the pure and lofty souls, who gave him in their home the place of a son. The scars of unkindness were healed, and the foundation of a truly noble character strengthened and matured by "Mother" Roberts and the healthful surroundings of the new home. The civil war began. April 21st, 1861, he enlisted at Springfield, Ohio, in Co. E, 16th Ohio Volunteers and served his term in Virginia and Maryland during the summer. In the fall he re-enlisted at Xenia, Ohio in Co. F, 74th Ohio Volunteers, under Capt. Cook, who was a brother of General George Cook. Altogether he served four years and three months. He was severely wounded at the battle of Stone River, Dec. 31st, 1862, in the right arm, which is still partially disabled. He was severely wounded again in the Atlantic campaign, on May 9th, 1864, in his right leg, the leg being broken and three inches of bone being removed. He entered the service as a private, but was promoted from time to time, as sergeant lieutenant, captain and finally major. He organized the first militia company in Iroquois county in 1873 and was chosen captain. This company was assigned to the 9th regiment Illinois National Guard and Maj. Peters was appointed colonel of the regiment. He held this rank until he resigned it in 1883. At the breaking out of the war Maj. Peters, then a lad in his eighteenth year, was teaching school at Clifton, O. He had two months of an unexpired term to teach, but his spirit of patriotism was roused when he heard the call for 75,000 soldiers to defend the Union. He went to the trustees of the district, secured his release from his contract to teach and hastened to Springfield to enlist. What was his chagrin when the captain (Phillip Kershner) told him it was men he

exchanged the varied and romantic stories of their lives. One of the most touching incidents of the life of Maj. Peters relates to the last years of "Mother" Roberts. In 1873, when she was 82 years of age, Major Peters and his estimable wife learned that Mrs. Roberts was alone in the world. With loving eagerness she was brought to Watseka, and given the cosiest corner, not only in the home but in the hearts of the Major and Mrs. Peters. On January 6th, 1894, this venerable saint at the age of 102 years, passed to her eternal rest. For 21 years she was the guest of the beautiful home of the street gamin for whom she had tenderly and lovingly cared nearly half a century before. Maj. Peters is one of the nation's true nobleman. He is a man of fine literary attainments and creditably served one term in the legislature of this state. He possesses fine business ability and is esteemed by all who know him for his high integrity. We have begged permission of the major to publish in this paper, next week, his poem "Brother and I," written upon the incident of his service in the Union army and his brother's service in the Confederate army. We cannot close this brief biographical sketch without acknowledging our obligation to Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, who wrote and published in book form the story of the life of Major Peters. The book is entitled, "A Foreign Emigrant" and is an interesting history and a beautiful tribute to our worthy neighbor and fellow townsman.

of blasts that blow;
In the falling rains of the autumn what hopes of the heart are drowned,
Where summers abideth eternal and Ceres is robed and crowned?
Rejoice! for the Goddess of Plenty hath smiled on our labors done!
Rejoice! o'er the harvests that ripened 'mid splendor of summer sun!
Rejoice! e'er each garnered blessing 'mid drifting leaves and rain!
Rejoice! though the Frost King's pennons are flashing o'er hill and plain!
Rejoice! that all strife is banished from the length and breath of the land!
Rejoice! with each alien brother, extending a helping hand!
Rejoice! let our national anthem e'en echo the world around!
The man of our choice is honored and Ceres is robed and crowned!

List of Patents.

The following is a list of patents granted to Illinois inventors this week, reported by C. A. Snow & Co., patent attorneys, Washington, D. C. —E. Bamberger, device for hanging shelves, drawers, etc.; W. Belfield, Platterville, lock nut for vehicle axels; B. Bennett & J. E. Moore, New Haven, clod crusher; J. Bower, Topeka, wagon body; J. N. Bruno, East St. Louis, pork skinning machine; J. W. Gronewold, Golden, drinking trough for hogs or cattle. W. B. Hartley, Southport, self-healing compound for tire punctures; W. A. Hill, Ursa, coupling for poles or thills; J. Hillery, Colchester, check row corn planter; G. F. Halloway, Oak Park, boat; O. Q. Holman, LaGrange, atomizer; H. E. Irwin, Galesburg, duffer for cutter guards; L. D. Lawnin, Ed-

Mad

....Thick Sole

OUR LINE

The Best Values in

CASEY &

Successors to

This is Our

—On accoune of thi
overstock of u
reduction in price

his death.

By invitation Major M. H. Peters occupied the position of orator of the occasion at a G. A. R. campfire at Piper City last Friday evening. The Major received a hearty welcome and a full measure of hospitality. Doubtless he enjoyed the visit and the acquaintance of the Piper "boys."

MATTHEW H. PETERS.

MATTHEW PETERS

A FOREIGN IMMIGRANT

THE TRUE STORY OF A LIFE

BY
HELEN M. GOUGAR

PEN SKETCHES BY F. A. CARTER

PUBLISHED BY HELEN M. GOUGAR
LAFAYETTE, INDIANA

BROWNE MURPHEY & CO.
LAFAYETTE, IND.

GV3063

I DEDICATE THIS BOOKLET
to the Memory of my sainted Father, whose
dying message to me was:
"Daughter, be kind to everybody."

MATTHEW PETERS

A FOREIGN IMMIGRANT

1846 —— 1898

"Record No. 1.
LaFayette Cemetery,
New Orleans, La.
1853....August 25.
GEORGE PETERS, *aged 35.*
Male...white...married...charity.
Two citizens...yellow fever...4th District."

Such is the simple record of the burial of two foreign immigrants, husband and wife, around whose children cluster a combination of circumstances stranger than any web of fancy woven into human thought, to entertain the reader or to teach the variableness of human experience.

My story is true in the minutest detail. Events have transpired during the period of the life of my hero that have changed the trend of human endeavor the world over and lifted mankind to possibilities which the ken of man cannot yet divine.

PREFACE

I have given the wings of print to my story without expectation of reaping fame or shekels. If my readers are entertained and led to recognize the fact that goodness is greatness; that he who serves his brother best serves himself, his country and his God best; if it shall inspire men to love liberty and the free institutions of America for the possible development of mankind under the flag; if it shall teach devotion to duty and fix the spirit of the Golden Rule in all its Christian beauty in the lives of those who follow my hero through his struggles and triumphs, I shall be content that I have written.

THE AUTHOR.

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MATTHEW PETERS

A FOREIGN IMMIGRANT.

I.

LEAVING FATHERLAND.

NESTLED among the foothills of the Vosges mountains of western Germany is the humble, quaint burg of Ober-Otterbach.

It is romantic in its mountain setting; its inhabitants are industrious, frugal and honorable. The cultivation of the vine on the terraced hillsides yields scant return to the tillers of the soil who live in this cloister of homes, around the one church and schoolhouse, which for the sake of economy are used by all creeds for worship and instruction.

What one generation has done other generations must do who remain in this narrow valley retreat. The mountains are no surer barriers to the sea than are the scant resources of this valley to

"getting on in the world" beyond the absolute necessities of life.

Emigration is the one boon left to the more ambitious and venturesome inhabitants of these mountain fastnesses.

So George and Magdaline Peters looked into the eyes of the babes that frolicked about the hearth, and with parental hope of better things for their children than they had inherited for themselves by remaining in the fatherland, they resolved to make a home in far-off America.

The Buerger-meister's simple record reads: "Ober-Otterbach, 1846. George Peters and Magdaline Moock Peters and babies, America."

The inhabitant still lives who attended the wedding of the pair, and relates how the little family rode in a wagon a distance of two hundred miles to Havre, France, from which seaport they set sail, landing at New Orleans the same year.

Public records show that a home valued at $1,100 was held in title of George Peters when in the summer of 1853, seven years after arrival in his adopted land, the terrible scourge of yellow fever carried away the thrifty father, mother and two children, leaving only Matthew and Samuel, aged respectively ten and eight

years, waifs, to be cared for by the fitful decrees of chance and charity.

For many weeks the scourge hung like a black pall over the city. The only sounds heard night or day were the hammers of the coffin-makers and the hurrying clatter of horse's feet and rumbling wheels, as the dead were conveyed without train of mourners to their last resting place.

To be orphaned at any time or under any circumstances is a lot to be dreaded, but at such a time and under such circumstances, God alone can know the pity of it.

II.

THE STORY OF A WAIF.

HOUGH Matthew was but ten years old he remembered how his father, mother and two sisters were borne from their home, on the corner of Fourth and Chippewa streets in New Orleans, to the cemetery. Himself and brother were not permitted to attend the burial, as their loved ones had died of the prevailing scourge, yellow fever. So, orphaned and alone in a great city, Matthew took his younger brother by the hand, and together they sought food in the alleys from the refuse of barrels and buckets to satisfy their hunger. Day after day they wandered hand in hand, uncared for and unheeded, falling asleep in any corner away from the feet of passers-by. After a few days had been thus spent they attracted the attention of a policeman on his beat; he took them to an orphanage on Laurel and Jackson Streets, where they remained until bound out to those who sought such unfortunate waifs of society as these for servants. It fell to Matthew's lot to be taken by a poverty-

stricken German tailor, doing business on Tchoupitoulas street, not far from

where the stricken family had formerly resided. It was not long before Matthew

discovered the true character of his master, for he subjected him to the most inhuman treatment. Young as he was he was compelled to sit cross-legged upon the work-table and sew from early morning until late at night, day in and day out, including Sundays, with but respite for the scanty meal which he grudgingly provided. This sensitive child was continually reminded that he did not earn his salt, and for any mistake made in the work given his childish hands, his master would box his ears, his blows frequently knocking him from the table to the floor.

Sometimes he was compelled to procure fuel from the drift in the Mississippi river, and this he had to do before working hours. If he was unsuccessful, which frequently happened when the river was low and the drift scarce, he would beat him cruelly, so that he was driven to steal wood rather than take the consequences of returning empty-handed.

The starvation which he endured and the abuse to which he was subjected while in charge of this brutal tailor are beyond human belief. The world little knows of the privations and sufferings of the orphans of our great cities who are so unfortunate as to fall into the

hands of such cruel guardians. So Matthew became

A RUNAWAY BOY.

One winter evening, after he had endured this treatment for nearly one year, he was ordered to do some marketing on the following morning, and was entrusted with the sum of fifty cents with which to buy bread, meat and vegetables, and after an admonition to return to assume his accustomed place on the work-table, he was provided with a basket, which he took to his cot in an old outhouse where he slept with the dogs.

That night new and strange ideas came to his childish brain. Was it the blood of his self-respecting ancestors coursing in his veins that made him decide to embrace this opportunity to make his escape? Would it be right to betray his trust? What would be the consequences of such an act? He struggled with his conscience. He slept but little, for ill at ease he tossed restlessly. Before daybreak he took the basket and money and hurried away—but never to return.

The fear of recognition and of being returned to his master made him distrustful of any new acquaintances and

haunted him night and day. He would rather have died than return to the miserable dwelling at the tailor's, and would undoubtedly have come to a premature death had he been taken back.

He had frequently seen runaway negroes who were being returned to their masters bound with cords and shackled with irons, and he imagined such would be his fate if he were discovered; indeed he felt that he was no better than a slave and subject to the same treatment.

For nearly a year he lived the life of a street gamin, picking up a precarious living by earning a few picayunes, as opportunity offered, appeasing his hunger without begging and sleeping among the bales of cotton, along the levee of the Mississippi river.

In but a single instance, child as he was, did he receive a kind word or friendly recognition from any human being.

He dimly comprehended that there was any more of this earth than the city in which his unfortunate lot had been cast, though he had an indefinite and very vague idea that New Orleans did not embrace the whole of creation, but there were lands and other cities beyond.

HEARS STRANGE TALK.

It was a bright moonlight night in the month of March when he lay curled up between two bales of cotton, hidden from the view of any wanderers who might perchance be straying along the wharf where he sought nightly refuge, when he overheard two slaves in conversation, who were, like himself, curled up among bales of cotton.

"Say, Sambo, do you know de Norf Star, can you pick it out up dar? You know, ef we eber go Norf, we must know de Norf Star, sure! else, though we hide in de swamps and cross ribbers and ribbers and lose our tracks to de houns, we will lose our way and be cotched and den Lor-almighty it will be worse for us dan if we never tried to 'scape." "De Norf Star is de poor slave's hope sure," was the reply, in a half despondent tone of the companion, who was dreaming of escape to Canada and liberty, from this boasted land of the free.

"No, I do not know which of dem awful many stars is the single Norf Star, dat ebery runaway niggah must know 'fore he puts out." "I thought I knowed, but Massa asked me not long ago ef I

knowed de Norf Star and I told him I did. I pinted it out to him, and he laf and laf and said: "You fool niggah, you all wrong, dat am Jupeter or somefing like dat name." "So I must ask some of dese fellers who comes for cotton from the Norf, to pint him out foh me, or I git loss some dese fine nights, ha! ha!"

"But Massa say dat to fool you, you fool niggah," replied Sambo, with a low chuckle. "No Massa wants his niggah to know de Norf Star, indeed dey don't, for dey feared you get de white of you eye on it and never let go til you am free, and dey got one niggah less, ha! ha!"

"Well, I will ask one of dose fellers what runs on de Under Groun Railroad up Norf, when I think I am right in s'lecting him out of de crowd. But we be mighty keerful, er we'll ask one of dose niggah 'tectives, den, Lor-almighty, there will be no need of knowing de Norf Star."

As Matthew overheard this strange conversation his heart went out to the poor slaves, who like himself, sought liberty from cruel bondage. He learned from this simple talk that there was a country beyond New Orleans, a better place for runaway orphan boys and black slaves.

With this new light he fell asleep and dreamed a dream born of hope in place of despair.

MEETS A FRIEND.

The next morning while loitering about the levee near the foot of Canal street, watching a chance to pick up something which might bring him a picayune or perhaps food for his stomach, he noticed a passing dray which was followed by a man. By intuition he felt this man was a stranger to that locality. He had a singular manner and an odd appearance which attracted his attention. The dray stopped and its driver began to unload the contents upon the levee; a few peach sprouts of choice variety, some young magnolia trees, a box or two of oranges and bananas and a large stuffed carpet bag. This work done, the stranger paid the drayman and the latter drove away.

Alone among his goods the stranger gazed about him for a moment, and noticing Matthew asked if he would guard the things for a little while as he wished to go back into the city for an hour. On his return he handed the boy a trifle and thanked him besides.

Though kind words are so easily coined, leaving no one the poorer for speaking them, but enriching those to whom spoken, his thanks were something quite new to the waif. This man was so courteous, so gentle, so different from any person Matthew had before encountered that he was instantly and involuntarily attracted toward him, and he cheerfully assisted in carrying the goods on board the boat. While he shunned and distrusted men generally, this stranger at once commanded his profound respect, for he both spoke to and treated him with kindness.

The goods having been stowed upon the boat, the stranger followed the lad to the levee and engaged him in conversation. He inquired his name, where and how he lived, and asked other questions pertaining to his welfare.

Matthew told his story frankly, but he dared not tell it all. Indeed he never did tell him all. He did not tell him he was a runaway, but merely said his people were all dead and he had no home. He told the stranger that he lived upon what he could find in the streets and that his lodging place was among the cotton bales. The stranger looked with pity

upon the child and expressed his sympathy in words of tenderness. He told him his home was up north in Ohio, where apples, peaches and grapes grew; that he had a good old mother with whom he lived; that his people were all kind to children, and that if he would accompany him he would take care of him, send him to school, and when he became old enough teach him a trade; that his mother had already raised two orphan boys and would be glad to furnish him a home and help him to become a self-respecting, good man.

All this sounded very pleasant and was indeed cheering, but although the offer was tempting Matthew had suffered too much to incur any risks by surrendering his freedom; precarious as was his condition he was still suspicious and consequently very cautious. Hence he would not commit himself, made no promise, and gave no hope of accompanying his would-be benefactor.

It so happened that the cook of the steamboat "Gladenel," upon which this stranger had engaged passage wanted a boy helper, and Matthew agreed to take the situation. In after years our hero wondered many times whether this was

not a strategem of the stranger in collusion with the cook to secure his presence and passage on that boat. Be this as it may, he was induced to accept the position for reasons of his own.

Matthew had heard the tailor speak of an aunt living up North, either at Louisville or St. Louis, he could not remember which, and it mattered little to him, as then he supposed he could step from one city into the other.

He was not certain as to her name but thought it was Louise, his father's sister; whether she was married or single he did not know; in fact that question did not occur to him then. But he desired to find this aunt and ask her protection, feeling that he had a claim upon her as a relative; perhaps she would take pity upon him for her brother's sake, his father. And again, the fact that this kind gentleman, so considerate of his welfare, was to be a passenger upon the boat exerted its influence upon him, for he reasoned that inasmuch as he was leaving the city, it certainly could not be that he was trying to entrap and deceive him with the view of restoring him to his cruel guardian.

The boat left New Orleans early in

March and the twain reached Cincinnati about the middle of the month. On the way up the river Matthew watched the stranger closely. He seemed to have no special acquaintances on board; he did not fraternize with the crowd, yet he appeared to be genial and would occassionally engage in conversation with others, but not with that freedom which distinguished old friends. There was something still more noticeable in his conduct than this apparent reticence. The boy noticed that the steamer would stop occasionally, and in such instances always at night in out-of-the-way places where nothing but great forests and huge ricks of cordwood were visible. Here the negro deck hands would throw out the gang-plank and hurry ashore to bring wood aboard. He noticed two or three white men at the dreary landings, but what especially attracted his attention was that his friend, the stranger, would always go ashore and after a hasty greeting engage in animated conversation with them until the whistle sounded, and he would part with them as hastily as he had gone. Not only did this occur at every one of the wood-landings they touched, but whenever the boat hauled

up at a city there were always those who would rush aboard to see him or else he would hasten ashore to meet them. This very naturally excited the waif's curiosity so on one occasion he plucked up courage and ventured to ask him who were those gentlemen who appeared so glad to see him. His answer was given without the least hesitation and with apparent candor.

"Why," said he, "that old gentleman with the gray whiskers is Mr. Paul, of Cleveland, Ohio, and the young man with him is his son. They are friends of mine who came South on business just as I did."

Finally the boat arrived at Louisville and remained some time discharging part of her cargo and reloading. Matthew's heart was in a flutter. Here was Louisville, where he had hoped to find his aunt. What should he do? Land and hunt her up, or remain on board the steamer? His mind was troubled and undecided, but he must decide quickly, for he had hesitated too long and the pilot was "ringing off." At the last moment he decided to go ashore and take the chances of finding his aunt, for why, he argued, should he follow the fortunes of an un-

known man who, if he were once in his power, might prove no better than the tailor?

Just as he was about to step on the gang-plank his friend, who happened to be near, stepped up and inquired if he intended to leave the boat. He told him he did, for he felt that he must fortify himself against the influence the new-found friend had over him. His friend was not to be repulsed by any show of determination, but calmly asked him what he expected to do. Matthew was greatly embarrassed and hestitatingly answered that he hoped to find his aunt.

"Do you know her name?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir; her name is Louise."

"But what is her other name?"

"I don't know, sir," Matthew said deprecatingly.

He then told him of the difficulties and dangers he would encounter in discovering his aunt under such circumstances, and said:

"What will you do if you don't find her?"

Matthew hung his head and thoughtfully replied that he could live as he had done in New Orleans—sleep among boxes, bales and sacks, or in some outhouse.

A look of pity overspread the stranger's face; he seemed, and in reality was, reluctant to part with the boy and brought into play all his persuasive power to induce him to remain with him; promised that he would endeavor to find his aunt after they reached his home; said that he would gladly stay with him in Louisville and assist him in his search but that his business was of such a nature and so important that he could not leave the boat until it reached its destination. Again he repeated his story about his good old mother, the attractions of his home in Ohio, and of the advantages he would afford the boy if he would continue on his journey with him.

But he fortified himself against all these allurements and only became more resolute under these enticing promises, for his suspicions became deeper as his friend manifested interest in him. Why should this stranger care for him except for some sinister motive? So he reasoned to himself.

Seeing Matthew's determination not to be persuaded he finally asked:

"Have you any money?"

"No, sir," he replied.

The stranger nervously pushed his

hand into his pocket, drew out his wallet and took from it a five dollar bill and offered it to the lad.

His action was spontaneous and so unexpected, that it completely overwhelmed the boy. He had never experienced anything like it and never before heard of such disinterested generosity. Instantly, as if by supernatural power, his whole disposition and nature were changed. Here was convincing proof that he had no purpose to detain the boy against his will. His resolution was broken, and his suspicions allayed by the power of love.

Matthew looked into his friend's face for a moment, as if to assure himself of his motives, and he felt reconciled, for the time at least. He could not take the money but he did resign himself into his hands and promised to follow him.

The gang-plank was hauled in, the boat backed out into the stream, and forged her way up the river. Cincinnati was reached the following Sunday morning. Matthew heard the chimes of the church bells, but naught else.

No sooner had they touched the landing than the would-be benefactor was met by a gentleman; the two walked up the street and were soon lost to sight.

They were gone several hours, during which time the boy remained aboard. When his friend returned he requested Matthew to accompany him. He endeavored to interest him by pointing out the principal buildings, explaining their uses, and among others he drew his attention to the water-works, whose great engines were to him a source of admiration and wonder.

It being Sunday no trains left until evening, hence the opportunity afforded for sight-seeing during the day. But his friend was exceedingly anxious to reach his home, which locally was known as The Ridge, and was near Springfield. He told Matthew that he would take him to his mother as soon as possible, but that he would be obliged to leave him alone with her for a few days, as he was compelled to return to Cincinnati; that he would be back, however, in the course of a week or two to stay.

It was quite late in the day when they boarded the Little Miami train, and it was near nine o'clock in the evening when they reached Selma, a small station about six or seven miles from their destination. This distance they walked, up hill and down, between fields and

forests. The experience was one never forgotten by the waif. The night was as black as pitch and quiet as the dead. Occasionally the light from some farm house shone in the distance, but it was a mystery to him and seemed ghastly in the darkness of night. Not a soul was encountered on the way. Matthew had never seen a hill, unless the bluffy heights sometimes noticed along the Mississippi might be so called. He had never been in the woods, and how he wished he was out now! Everything seemed wild and weird.

His sensations were indescribable, his mind was filled with fearful forebodings and terrifying fancies. He had read (for he could read) a German story about "Schinderhannes," the notorious robber chief of the Rhine, who dwelt in mountains, from which he would make incursions upon the wealthy, whom he plundered for the benefit of the poor. It was the only story he had ever read. Was it possible that, notwithstanding his great precaution, he had been deceived and lured by the seductive wiles of a robber chieftain to be initiated into his band of outlaws? These were surely the secret haunts of the lawless where vice and

crime revel in their solitude. If it were so, so be it; he must submit, for a time at least, and make the best of his helpless condition, endeavoring to escape at the earliest opportunity. He followed on in doubt and fear, resolved to meet his fate, come what might, with fortitude. It was a trying ordeal for a boy of twelve years of age, and his whole frame quaked with terror!

At last the twain reached the house. It was a plain two-story building, the same that Schinderhannes built, set back from the highway. On its eastern side and near the road stood a large square log house which he afterwards ascertained to be a blacksmith shop, and before it, grew a majestic oak tree.

There was no light, no sound; all was dark and quiet about the premises. The escort, whom Matthew had first viewed as a benefactor but now as a highwayman, knocked at the door, which in a few moments was opened by a short, stout, gray-haired old lady, who had a lighted tallow dip in her hand. There was an affectionate greeting, but he was in no condition to appreciate such demonstration of filial love as he then witnessed. He could only see the venerable old dame,

who, to his inexperienced and distrustful eyes, was none other than the embodiment of the "old hag" who kept house for Schinderhannes. He was certainly lost. In this conviction he was then fully confirmed, and doubly so upon the appearance of another still older lady, so large and clumsy that she could scarcely limp across the room with the aid of two rude walking sticks.

The first old lady was "Mother," the second "Aunt Mabel." As such they were introduced to him. Mother offered them something to eat, but he could eat nothing, though he was ravenously hungry after the long journey. He was shown to his bed up stairs, but he could not sleep, weary though he was. He wept away the remaining hours of the night.

The next morning he found his way down stairs, and went out doors to get a view of the country. Terror seized him. Instead of the road with its zigzag rail fences on either side and the log house which he had observed the night before as he entered the house he only saw a barn and sheds with open fields and woods beyond. He was bewildered and trembled with fright. His heart sank

within him and he was in despair. He was sick. By what manner of sorcery had these wicked people transported him during the night to such a scene as this! He became weak and faint, and it required all the courage and fortitude he could command to restrain his pent-up emotions. Surely he had not slept.

The mental strain under which he had labored caused him to be "turned round." He had gone out through the back door instead of by the front where he had entered!

It was not long before the entire neighborhood was aware that Henry Roberts, for this was the benefactor's name, had returned from the South and that he had brought with him a little orphan boy. Many were the callers, each of whom eyed the little waif with an interest and intensity which was only exceeded by his own curiosity and embarrassment. On that same day Henry Roberts left for Cincinnati, and Matthew remained with Mother and Aunt Mabel. Again he was among entire strangers. How he wept at his departure; his grief could have been no greater had he stood beside the grave of his best beloved friend. What mattered it even though he had gone to

join his companions in crime? Be he thief or gentleman, Matthew had confided and trusted in him and he was his, at least until he could effect his escape and improve his condition. To fall again into strange hands seemed to him a genuine calamity. Whether his promise to return soon would be realized Matthew seriously questioned, for confidence in mankind was almost foreign to his feelings.

Day after day passed by. What days of anguish they were; what sleepless nights for Matthew, grieving for his departed friend. Be he Schinderhannes or not, had he not been uniformly kind to him?

By degrees he became acquainted with the children of the vicinity and entered into their sports. Nothing had harmed him, and mother, for he had learned to call her so, exercised peculiar tact in winning his confidence. In the meantime, too, the small bundles of magnolia and peach trees and boxes of oranges had arrived. He had almost forgotten about these, but as once more he saw them how vividly they recalled the scene at the levee where he first met the kind stranger. A friend transplanted

the trees for mother, and the contents of the boxes were shared among the neighbors.

Gradually and unconsciously Matthew's misgivings faded away. He neither saw nor heard anything of robbers; experienced only the utmost kindness and heard nothing but gentle words.

At last Mr. Roberts returned, and with his return, in spite of all the kindness Matthew had experienced during his absence—in defiance of all the resistance he could muster, the horrors of the past were rekindled, and burned within him like a consuming fire from which he could not flee. Again all his terrifying suspicions were fanned into a flame. He had not yet thoroughly overcome his gloomy impressions, formed as he came through the dark and deserted country from Selma to the Ridge, that his professed benefactor was a veritable Schinderhannes.

What had he been doing during his absence? In answer to this question Matthew was informed that he had been to Canada; and in answer to his further inquiries was told that he must wait until he was older before he could understand the business in which his bene-

factor was engaged. This evasive answer did not lull his suspicions nor relieve his anxiety; on the contrary it only heightened rather than allayed his fears. Was he only to wait until he was older that he might then be initiated into their unhallowed mysteries?

III.

A SLAVE AUCTION.

EARLY in the spring of 1853 Henry Roberts stood before a Kentucky slave auction block. He had mingled with the throng of swaggering, tobacco-chewing, profane men, who gathered about awaiting the pleasure of the auctioneer.

The hour for business had arrived when a large, finely formed and muscular black man walked up on the block, so high as to exhibit its occupant from head to foot.

The man was stripped to the waist, when he fell limp before the gazing crowd.

"Stand up there you black rascal and show your muscle," ordered the slave driver as he cracked his cat-o-nine-tails and accompanied the act with an oath. The slave obeyed, mechanically, and was soon sold to the highest bidder. Next came the little daughter, eight years of age, who was soon in the possession of another highest bidder. Next came the mother with babe in arms.

As the auctioneer reached to take the

babe to display it to the "trade," the mother folded her arms closely around its tiny body, and with tears streaming down her black cheeks, cried out in the anguish of her mother-love:

"Sell the baby with me, please, sir; it is too small to work; I can care for it better than anybody else; sell it with me; you have sold my husband; you have sold my daughter, please, sir, sell my my baby with me."

Untouched by this piteous appeal—for men seldom rise superior to the written law—the law-nerved man grasped the helpless infant from the embrace of the mother and called in stentorian voice:

"Who bids fifty dollars for this black brat?"

"Toss the pickininny here" said a man of low brow and vulgar mien, "I'll give the fifty dollars." Suiting the action to the command the babe was caught by the hands of its new master from the willing hands of the auctioneer.

In a few moments the mother was sold to another bidder and the sundered family went each their way under the inhuman institution of chattel slavery.

The soul of Henry Roberts rose in indignation as he witnessed the helpless

victims in the grasp of the law that gave protection and made such a scene possible.

He turned to the slave-accustomed crowd and at the peril of being mobbed for his indiscretion he exclaimed:

"What right have you to sell that father, mother, sister, babe, more than you have to invade my home and sell my loved ones, and separate my family; they were born black, we were born white, neither are responsible for our color, and God knows that this accursed institution of human slavery shall have the remainder of my days for its overthrow and destruction." This outburst of indignation met with jeers, low mutterings and profane oaths. "O! maybe yer'e a niggah thief," said the auctioneer, "if so, yer bettah be gitten out of these parts pretty quick," following his words with a sharp crack of his whip.

The soul of Henry Roberts revolted as he contemplated this iniquity and he went from this scene an Abolitionist.

IV.

THE U. G. R. R.

IN these days there existed an organization within the ranks of the despised Abolition party of the Northern states, composed of unpopular, not powerful but nevertheless resolute, conscientious and self-sacrificing men; a clan whose history has never been written, but whose labors sought not self glory or the applause of men, but merely the approval of conscience. To this cause they pledged their faith, their fortunes and their lives.

From the nature of the organization, which was a profound secret, the membership was unknown, and remains so to-day, but their acts exerted a wide influence and made a deep impression on the public mind throughout the country on behalf of the abolition of human slavery.

Composed as this organization was of men of recognized ability, of unquestionable nerve and courage, imbued with the loftiest motives, it seems remarkable indeed that no record of their achievements has ever seen the light. Tradition is the

only source from which the present generation can obtain any details regarding the heroic work of these men, forming a body that in its day was popularly termed the U. G. R. R.—The Under Ground Rail Road. This organization held the same relation to the Abolition party that an army holds to the government it represents. It was the aggressive, indomitable and irrepressible element within that party, ever ready to make sacrifices—even to life—in advocating, promulgating, defending and enforcing its doctrines and decrees.

At the head of this peculiar railroad system stood William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Elizabeth Cady Stanten, Lucretia Mott, Gerritt Smith and others of equal distinction.

So Henry Roberts, inspired by the scene of the auction block, allied himself with these and many other men and women, who like him, were engaged in continual agitation and warfare against the curse of human slavery,—philanthropists who loved their unfortunate fellow-men, colored as well as white—patriots who dearly loved their country, yet dared to denounce the "flaunting lie" which continued to wave

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave,"

until the stain upon the Nation's standard was cleansed by the blood of more than a million of her sons, North and South, who gave their lives on the field of battle.

Thus Henry Roberts quitted the log blacksmith shop which stood under the shadow of the great oak, and fraternized with leading abolitionists; he gave his money, his time and his talents to the cause of human liberty.

The work of merely assisting an occasional fugitive who sought a way to the door of his blacksmith shop did not satisfy his conscience. He felt that he must go among the oppressed and proclaim to them the gospel of freedom on the plantations of the South and rescue all he could. It may be truly said of him:

"The dark hued son, in rage pursued
By slavery's minions lash in hand,
Who sought protection, rest and food,
Within his cottage found a friend
With moral courage to defend
Against the powers of the land."

He exposed himself to all the hazards incurred by the fearless, indomitable agents of the U. G. R. R. who penetrated the very homes of the slaves that they might hurl more effective blows at the

barbarous institution of human slavery and thus give potency to their principles.

His mysterious acquaintances whom he so heartily greeted at the wood-landings and those whom he met at the levees or wharves of every town where the boat stopped along the Mississippi were the emissaries of the Northern abolitionists, agents of the U. G. R. R., who were co-operating in his labors.

Before the war it was the custom for steamers on the lower Mississippi to use cordwood for fuel. Great forests of timber lined the banks of the river. Wood was plenty and consequently cheap. Northerners would go South and take contracts for supplying certain boats with wood at agreed points along the river. They would fell the timber, cut it into proper lengths and deliver it at the water's edge at some convenient landing where it would be of easy access. At several of these points the contractors were agents of the U. G. R. R. in disguise, and were there not so much for the money to be made by cutting cordwood for the steamboats as for the more important and nobler purpose of co-operating with their friends along the line, and with other agents who were engaged

in the interior in quite a different capacity.

These other agents were also men from the North who went out on the plantations to perform their part in the programme; they sought employment as overseers, superintendents or boss mechanics to take charge of the work shops on the large plantations, for nearly every plantation of any consequence had its own blacksmith and carpenter shops and repair houses. In these were employed the most intelligent slaves.

Frequently there was building to be done on the premises. In such cases lumber was to be prepared, and some plantations had mills where the planter's own timber was sawed, also lumber to supply their neighbors; or if bricks were required it was these slaves who would supply the demand. But this class of work was all performed under a special overseer or superintendent. It was in this capacity that Henry Roberts was engaged.

Among the black mechanics were found the most reliable slaves on the plantation. It required more intelligence and tact to perform this class of labor than it did to be a common field hand or plan-

tation "nigger," and hence the most trustworthy and brightest slaves were selected for this work. Such as these were comparatively few on any plantation, for their general condition of ignorance and degradation did not tend to develop either the mental or moral faculties within them. Indeed such development was undesirable, for intelligent men will not submit to bondage.

It was with this class of more enterprising negroes that Mr. Roberts came into contact, and among these he labored. The plantation on which he sought and obtained employment was always in the vicinity of some wood landing, not usually more than eight or ten miles distant—a distance that might be doubled in one night or in a few hours.

The work of building and repairing was the occupation principally of the winter season. Hence it was the custom of these men to go South in the autumn, secure employment and remain until spring, when they would return to their homes in the North to spend the summer and prepare for the next campaign.

Once entered upon their duties on the plantation they very soon ascertained the true character of the slaves under

their charge—their disposition, intelligence, trustworthiness and courage—for these adventurous spirits were keen observers and quick interpreters of human nature.

Having fixed upon his man, the superintendent would secure his implicit confidence and by easy stages, but with utmost caution, impart to him his secret and eventually disclose his plans.

Whether any of these agents were ever betrayed is not known and probably never will be, for death certain and sure must have been their portion. They could have expected no other fate in such an emergency—in fact they realized all this, and were prepared for the sacrifice.

The plan of escape was minutely detailed to the slave, while the peril of the undertaking, the long and tedious journey beset with privations was fully explained and impressed upon his mind, with the view of strengthening his purpose to strike for liberty or die in the attempt.

In the light of this fact the amount of courage, shrewdness and fortitude a slave would exhibit in such a crisis was amazing. But what will not a human

being undergo to obtain his freedom! If life is worth living death is preferable to slavery. It was not indeed the fear of death that would restrain the effort for freedom, should the poor victim fall in his flight and be retaken by the hounds, a fate worse than death awaited him—the lash, the shackles, the iron collar around his neck, with prongs reaching up about the head. This was his doom.

Flight once agreed upon, the time of its execution was fixed. On a particular night—a dark and stormy one being preferred—the slave stole away and concealed himself at a certain point. Here he was met by the superintendent, his friend and guide, who took him upon his shoulders, carrying him zigzag back and forth for some distance, then in a circle crossing his own track, often walking backwards with his burden upon him, eventually reaching a stream or swamp, which he waded, finally emerging from the water, leaving no trace behind, to the opposite side. These eccentric maneuvers were made for the purpose of confusing and mystifying the hounds and pursuers. Thence they proceeded directly to the wood-landings, where the the fugitive was cared for by confeder-

ates, the wood choppers. Here the slave waited further developments. The superintendent hastened back to the plantation, which he used to reach about the darkest hour before dawn and no one on the premises was the wiser for his absence.

V.

SLAVES DUKE AND DON ESCAPE.

HENRY ROBERTS had promised on his last trip to New Orleans to return to a certain point and help the escape of the slaves Duke and Don. The boat had pulled up to this landing in the middle of the night. In the morning Duke was missing from his accustomed place on the plantation; none of his companions knew of his whereabouts; none had seen him since the previous evening. The superintendent reported the fact to the master, who at once ordered out the hounds and horses. Then followed an eager chase. The master, accompanied by his trusted superintendent, engaged in the pursuit. The tracks of the fugitive were scented by the blood hounds. On they rushed until they reached the trysting-place, where they whirl about in a frenzy, seeking to regain the trail which here abruptly comes to an end; for this is the spot where the superintendent met the runaway and took him upon his shoulders, lifting him free from the earth into the

air, dissipating in the breeze the scent which guided the hounds to this point.

The master is surprised and puzzled at this sudden termination of the trail; it is an unaccountable circumstance.

Confused and excited he hesitates for a moment. He must not be foiled by that miserable "nigger," and is therefore not at all disposed to give up the chase. He consults with the superintendent, who is riding at his side, and who with a ready opinion as to the best course to be followed, suggests a direction varying from that he had taken with the negro, or

perhaps he recommends going to the creek or swamp, as probably the "nigger" has crossed the water. One or perhaps both of these suggestions are acted upon, but the pursuit proves a failure. After the day is well spent in useless search, the pursuing party and bloodhounds return to the plantation worn out and disappointed, but the slave-owner does not give up all hope. He advertises his loss throughout the neighboring country, a reward is offered, and there is a hope that the daring fugitive will yet be captured.

Two or three weeks, or perhaps a month, elapses when Don, another slave, is gone—he is the most valued one on the plantation. Duke's success has evidently given courage to others. Don is the "handiest darkie" and best mechanic on the place; he is also one of the smartest, as the superintendent was not long in finding out. He must be retaken regardless of cost, and no effort is spared in his recapture. An unusually heavy reward is offered, large posters giving a description of the runaway are spread broadcast and may be seen at every cross-roads, hotel, post office and court house; a rough picture of a running negro adorns the poster; upon his right

shoulder rests a cane, and from this is suspended a small bundle carried behind his back.

But the reward availed nothing; the negro mysteriously disappeared; his escape was utterly incomprehensible. The superintendent is the only person on the plantation who could clear away the mystery were he so disposed, but he seems no less chagrined than the rest. The planter, who purchased Don but a year ago at an executor's sale in Virginia for an exorbitant sum on account of his youth, never sees him again.

Duke and Don are once more together, nervously and anxiously awaiting the relief promised them by those into whose trust they had been committed at the wood-landing. But they have yet a long, tedious and perilous journey to perform before they reach the land of freedom.

And so the work of the superintendent progresses until spring, the first of March, when his contract expires. He bids farewell to the plantation and takes occasion to visit New Orleans, where he has friends who are expecting him—friends of the U. G. R. R.

The calm deliberation, keen discretion, sound judgment and high courage of

these overseers from the North, parading as the friends and counselors of the slave holders in the South, was something extraordinary. Heroism, in the common acceptation of the word, pales before such devotion to a principle—the principle of human liberty and human rights. The influence they exerted upon the master and the power they exercised over the slave, at once commanding the respect of the former and at the same time maintaining the confidence of the latter, required an adaptability to surrounding circumstances born of the exigencies of the times, a study in human ethics!

Let us now return to the wood landings. This is the rendezvous of fugitive slaves from all directions, even for those from the opposite banks of the river. All winter the work of liberating slaves went on, until a small colony was gathered together at this place. They are still in the heart of the slave territory, a thousand miles from free soil and nearly two thousand miles from their refuge in Canada.

Will they ever reach their destination? How? We shall see.

A steamboat runs alongside of one of

these landings to take on a supply of fuel. The boat is either owned or controlled by the U. G. R. R. It would scarcely seem credible or possible that in such a public conveyance secrecy could be observed, but it only illustrates how thoroughly the U. G. R. R. was organized and how loyal were its operators. The boat landed at night, and by the fitful, dim and smoky blaze of pine torches the gang-plank was run ashore. The ebony deck hands proceeded on the trot to "tote" aboard the cordwood, singing their doleful melodies to the measure of their steps as they passed to and fro. While this animating scene was in progress the fugitives, one by one, stealthily emerged from their cover, shouldered a load of cordwood, mingled with the crowd of carriers, reached the deck, deposited the wood on board and disappeared.

Where? Few can tell, but a secure place has been provided; it may be below decks in the hold of the vessel, or perhaps a private cabin. It is not altogether improbable that in a few days, if all is well, some of them might be seen acting as deck hands, for their identity could hardly be suspected. Who pays any attention to deck hands; a new man among

their number would elicit no questions, even among the regular crew, so common are the changes; and who would dream that an ignorant plantation "nigger" would undertake to make his escape by such daring means down in Louisiana? No slave would be credited with such boldness and much less with the intelligence necessary to execute such a project.

Cincinnati is reached, and a local agent, apprised of the arrival of the boat, has everything in readiness for the reception of the consignment. Do you remember the friend who met Mr. Roberts and took him up into the city as soon as the boat landed? It was he who had the care of the refugees during Mr. Roberts' temporary absence while taking Matthew to his home on the Ridge. The refugees in the meantime remained in hiding in Cincinnati and enjoyed the hospitality of friends while awaiting Mr. Roberts' return. This was the cause of his immediate departure after he had taken Matthew to his mother. Returning at once to Cincinnati he consulted with members of the U. G. R. R. and careful preparations were made for conducting the slaves to Can-

ada. These were confided to the care of tried and trusted friends, and were secretly escorted, singly or in couples, seldom in groups, at stated intervals and by various routes, to the next station, a conductor watching their progress during their entire overland journey.

Once safely quartered in Cincinnati, after a day or two of rest, word was passed to friends along the various routes to be ready for their arrival. They were conveyed from station to station, and from village to farm-house and from farm-house to village, generally from ten to twenty miles apart, sometimes boldly in broad daylight, but more often during the evening or early morning. At these stations, whether in city or country, in the village or on the farm, the fugitives were consigned to various parties who were expecting them and were by them concealed about their premises and cared for until some favorable opportunity offered, when they were transported in vehicles to the next station.

When it was discovered that the sheriff and slave-catcher were on the track it was frequently found a necessary precaution to remain at one station for a week or ten days. In such an emergency every

member of the family with whom a runaway was concealed, as well as their sympathizers throughout that region, would be on guard to watch the approach of the posse, ready to protect their guest, even to resisting the officers of the law. When such danger was imminent a farmer has been known to load up his wagon with wheat, oats or corn, disposing of the grain in such a manner that the fugitive could be secreted in the bottom of the load without exciting the least suspicion, and, while pretending to be going to town or to mill, he would be on his way to the next station where his charge would be delivered into other hands to be forwarded on his journey. Various methods were resorted to in order to allay suspicion and avoid recapture; yet in spite of all precaution, these convoys were sometimes overtaken and the parties arrested, though not always without serious opposition if not actual bloodshed.

Sometimes the weary fugitive preferred to rest a few days at some of these places of refuge before proceeding on his perilous journey, and he would make himself useful about the premises by churning, grooming horses, or laboring on the farm. In the evening he would occupy a

place in the family circle while all listened with the deepest interest to the story of his life as a slave and his miraculous escape.

The duty of the conductor was to act not only as an escort and guide, but as an advance as well as rear guard. It was his business to direct all the movements and to watch the progress of the enemy should any be following the trail, and to keep all stations apprised of danger through couriers. By this means the entire line was informed as to the progress of the fugitives.

Michigan—for this was the great highway to freedom—was not the least hazardous in their perilous journey, for although the people as a rule were friendly there were local spies, and throughout the country were posted the minions of the slave power, ever on the alert for runaway negroes in hope of a reward. Many a bloody combat between these and the abolitionists for the possession of an escaping slave has taken place on the soil of this state. A history of some of these encounters between the sheriff's posse and the people would be no less thrilling than a description of

some great battle between contending armies.

HENRY S. ROBERTS.

It was upon a mission such as I have herein described that Henry Roberts was engaged when he rescued Matthew from the life of a street gamin. He not only served as superintendent of the negro mechanics, but disguised as an ordinary passenger, also acted as superintendent of the expedition from the wood-landings to the North. He often acted as conductor of a party through Ohio, and successfully accomplished his task. On this trip he succeeded in liberating eighteen slaves, some of whom—Duke and Don among them—were the same he had aided to escape from the Louisiana plantation. Among the group were the two slaves, whose anxiety to know the "Norf Star" had inspired Matthew as he lay curled up among the cotton bales on that starlight March night, to believe that the world was larger than the boundaries of New Orleans.

VI.

THE NEW HOME—MOTHER ROBERTS.

WAS it well with the lad? Nature does much but environment does more for the human being tossed upon the fitful sea of life. Unguided childhood often ends in misdirected age, when the misfortunes of the parents fall with heaviest burden upon the unfortunate offspring.

Waif Matthew was drifting, and his chance acquaintance might be for his weal or for his woe. It took weeks of acquaintance in the new home to fully assure him that he had fallen into the care of friends instead of the haunt of Schinderhannes and his hags.

By the little ministrations of love and tenderness that were constant, because natural on the part of "Mother" and "Aunt Mabel," the frightened boy became assured that he had found a shelter with gentle people.

The scars of unkindness were soon healed by these influences and the boy became like one of the family, partaking in the sacrifices, labors, comforts and rest of one at home.

He attended the country school and enjoyed all the privileges accorded in those pioneer days to the early settlers. If he did study by the light of the brick kiln which he tended until late at night, it did not matter, for his heart was at rest though his body was weary when the task was done.

Upon the mother of the house depends most as to the influences which go out through the lives of those under her ministering care. "Mother" or Mrs. Anise Sharp Roberts, into whose hands the little waif had fallen, came of the sturdy English family, Scharpe, of Scotch-Irish descent, the history of which forms an important part of Rutland, England.

She was born on the banks of the Housatonic river, in Fairfield county, Connecticut, Aug. 10, 1791. With her was born a twin brother, John W. Sharp, who served in the war of 1812, and at its close went to England to obtain possession of the family patrimony. This brother died Dec. 7, 1815, and was buried in St. John's churchyard, Liverpool, without accomplishing his mission, and with his death all efforts to secure the inheritance were abandoned.

Her advent upon the earth was in the

infancy of the Nation. Washington was serving his first term as President, and she was in her ninth year when the young republic was called upon to mourn the death of its most illustrious citizen, statesman and soldier. She well remembered the sad event and related to Matthew how the bells tolled the solemn knell from every church in town and "meeting house" in the country, while everybody went to Bridgeport to learn the mournful news. The country west of the Alleghanies was an unknown wilderness and had yet to be reclaimed from the savage, who held undisputed sway. Louisiana territory was a dependency of France; the empire states of Texas and California with the southwest territories were absolutely terra incognita. During her life the thirteen original states bordering the Atlantic swelled to forty-four, reaching from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the gulf. Not only was the growth of our country marvelous during her days, but what wonders her eyes witnessed in the material and mechanical progress of mankind—in the arts, sciences, literature and invention. It is enough to dazzle one to contemplate what our country was and

its condition at the time of her birth and compare it with the radical changes that were wrought in the more than ten decades that marked the course of her life. Living in this eventful period, hers was no ordinary experience.

FOLLOWING JOSEPH SMITH.

Anise was married to John W. Roberts of Vermont, June 1, 1824, at Monroe, Connecticut. Three sons were born as the result of this union, John, Elijah and Henry. The family, consisting of father, mother, and three sons, migrated to Ohio and cast their fortunes with the disciples of Joseph Smith, the apostle of Mormonism, following their leader to Independence, Missouri, and subsequently to Nauvoo, Illinois, sharing all the vicissitudes of that peculiar people. At Nauvoo the second son died. When Joseph Smith was murdered and the church of Latter Day Saints dispersed, Mrs. Roberts, accompanied by her two sons, moved into Indiana; she early repudiated the new doctrine of sealed marriages, which she discerned to be nothing more nor less than polygamy. But she was a firm believer in the pretensions of the Latter Day prophet, whom she esteemed as a

saint no less than those recorded by Fox in his Book of Martyrs. The husband and father, being a Mormon elder and a devout adherent of Brigham Young, accompanied the expedition to Deseret (as the Mormons were pleased to then call their objective point), there on the great Salt Lake to establish their city and church far beyond the pale of civilization, where no unbelievers could molest them in their civil rights or religious ceremonies. The emigrants suffered great hardships and privations during this exodus and rested about a year at Kanesville (now Council Bluffs) to recuperate before starting on their tedious and eventful journey across the plains. Here John W. Roberts, the husband, died, the oldest son having also died but a few months before.

The widow afterward returned to Ohio with her only remaining son, Henry S. Roberts, who became the agent of the U. G. R. R. in 1855.

After the death of this, her last son, Mrs. Roberts continued to live in Ohio upon a two-acre homestead which he had left her. With her lived her eldest sister, Mabel, and the orphan boy whom her son Henry had rescued from the streets

and slums of New Orleans. Mrs. Roberts supported this family by spinning with an old-fashioned wheel and weaving carpets on an ancient loom. Aunt Mabel died aged eighty-one years; the adopted son had gone to war and was at the time serving in Virginia as a member of Company E., Sixteenth Ohio, having enlisted under President Lincoln's first call for seventy-five thousand men. This left Mother Roberts, then more than seventy-five years of age, alone, and she concluded to remove to Vienna, Indiana, where another sister, Mrs. Mary Harrod, resided. This sister also soon passed away, when Mrs. Roberts, before the close of the war, went to Rosemond, Illinois, to live with a niece, who soon after died.

Mother Roberts was a woman of wonderful vitality and cheerful disposition. In her youth she was considered a great beauty and had a charming voice which rang with sweet melody when she sang the songs of Auld Lang Syne, even after she had attained her nineties. One of the rules of her life was to read two chapters of the bible every day. This practice she devoutly pursued until about two years before her death when her

sight began to fail her so that even the the largest print became illegible, and she laid her treasured volume regretfully aside, but her conduct was fashioned after its sacred teachings, so the sunset of her life was calm and peaceful.

Her life was noble and full of self-sacrifice, and her experiences most varied. Besides rearing her own family, she raised one orphan girl and two orphan boys, one of whom was the street gamin, the hero of this sketch.

She imbued her family with lofty sentiments, inspired by these exalted virtues that marked her own life and influenced for good all who came in contact with her.

VII.

A WAR REMINISCENCE—ONE UNION SOLDIER—BUZZARD ROOST.

ON the morning of May 9, 1864, the Seventy-fourth Ohio regiment was encamped upon Tunnel Hill Ridge, Georgia, forming a part of the Third Brigade, First Division, Fourteenth Army Corps. Sherman's army, of which it was the center, had started upon its memorable march, known in history as the Atlanta campaign, and after a week's marching and maneuvering it attained this position with but slight opposition, although there was occasional skirmishing but no hard fighting.

From its position the soldiers could look down upon the valley which sloped irregularly to the foot of Buzzard Roost mountain which was skirted by Mill Creek, a narrow but deep little stream, the banks of which were lined with timber. Mill Creek separated Buzzard Roost from Rocky Face, forming a gap between them. Soldiers could look through the gap, and the view of Buzzard Roost and Rocky Face which frowned

before them, was quite distinct, though a mile distant.

Colonel Josiah Given, afterwards one of the supreme judges of Iowa and commander of the Grand Army of the Republic of that department, commanded this regiment and Matthew, the immigrant waif, was his adjutant.

Early in the morning a courier handed Matthew an order for the Colonel which was promptly delivered. Colonel Given read the document and returned it to Matthew with instructions to see the order executed. It was that a detail of twenty men and an officer should be made from his regiment to be provided with axes and shovels and proceed to Mill Creek to construct a bridge on which the troops might cross to Buzzard Roost.

Having ascertained the nature of the order Matthew inquired of the Colonel if it would not be better to ask for volunteers for this service, two men from each company, rather than make a formal detail. He left the matter entirely to Matthew's discretion, upon which this brave young soldier further ventured to suggest that he would willingly take charge of the party if it would meet the Colonel's ap-

proval. The commander replied that he would be glad to have him do so.

Thereupon Matthew made the orders known to the line officers and men, and had not the least difficulty in securing the required number; indeed more offered their services than he called for. They reported at brigade headquarters where the tools were supplied and at once proceeded down the valley to Mill Creek. They found a rail fence bordering the stream; this they promptly threw down and at once began their labors by felling trees nearest to the banks in such a manner that they lodged across the stream from bank to bank, thus forming stringers, when trimmed up. They crossed over on these stringers and repeated the operation from that side, thus making a very strong and secure bed for the rails which were then laid on close together. Next they covered the rails with earth to hold them firmly in position.

All this, so far as the manual labor was concerned, was an easy task and quickly done. Twenty men working in dead earnest can accomplish a great deal in a very short time. But their task was not without anxiety as it was performed under continuous fire from the enemy's

sharpshooters. But they did their work all the quicker from impending danger, retiring to their regiment with but one man slightly wounded.

It was but a short time after this work was completed before the troops began to utilize the bridge. From the position of the loyal brigade on Tunnel Hill Ridge they could see their line of battle extending for miles along the crest of the hills and down through the valley; and could even see the enemy who occupied Buzzard Roost and Rocky Face, or at least they imagined they could, for there they were.

The purpose apparently was to dislodge the enemy from these strongholds. But subsequently it was discovered (after the attack had been made) that the attack was but a feint to occupy his attention and detain him while the wings of Sherman's army were to close around him and cut off his retreat. But the wily enemy saw through this strategy and escaped before the movement could be fully executed. But the Union soldiers performed their part of the program and a hazardous part it was.

Buzzard Roost, a rough and rugged mountain, was very difficult to scale. The side toward the regiment was covered

with rocks of all sizes and shapes; it was cut up with gulleys and deep ravines, and withal quite steep up to a certain point where it rose abruptly like a wall, from fifty to one hundred feet high, forming a regular palisade of rock. The members of Matthew's brigade having crossed the creek, they quickly formed in line at the foot of the mountain, and then began the slow and tedious ascent, the enemy raining down upon them their shot and shell which came crashing through the trees, tearing off the limbs and shivering the rocks, fragments of which and exploded shell were sent flying in every direction. It was under such conditions that their line advanced. How could they ever expect to reach the top of the mountain shielded as it was by a perpendicular wall and defended by a resolute force. But the true soldier executes his orders:

"His not to reason why,
His but to do and die."

The ground so very rough and uneven, made it utterly impossible to see even the length of the regiment or to maintain any sort of alignment. They had proceeded about half way up the side when the Colonel, near whom Matthew

stood at the right of the regiment, ordered him to go to the left flank, which was down in a ravine obscured by huge boulders, and report its progress and condition. He obeyed orders promptly.

The advance was exasperatingly slow owing to the obstructions and difficulty of ascent, and they were exceedingly anxious to reach the cover of the wall where they would be comparatively safe from the fire of the artillery as the enemy could not depress their cannon sufficiently to reach them there.

Matthew had just returned from the left of the regiment and was in the act of saluting the Colonel to make his report when a shell exploded not more than six feet from them and slightly above their heads. One fragment of the shell passed through the Colonel's hat and another through the skirt of his coat; another fragment struck a sergeant's arm and shattered it. Matthew fell, head down, among the rocks. It was a hard fall and seemed to stun him and for a moment he could make no effort to arise. He was not aware that he had been wounded; that thought had not then occurred to him.

Recovering from the shock of the fall,

as he supposed, he attempted to get up and succeeded partially, only to fall again. Twice he tried it but failed. Thinking it was weakness and determined to keep up with his regiment, he made one more effort when for the first time he realized that his right leg was shattered. There was no pain until Chaplain McFarland and Sergeant Carpenter picked him up, when on raising him from the ground it seemed as if his leg was in the fire. These officers placed Matthew on a stretcher and had only raised it from the ground to bear him off the field when another shell exploded in their midst and Sergeant Carpenter fell, and with him the stretcher with the wounded man on it.

Another came to assist the Chaplain in conveying him down to the foot of the mountain where the wounded were laid in winrows along the banks of the creek.

While they were going down, the regiment continued its upward movement and soon reached the shelter of the wall where the enemy could no longer reach them. The bearers had just arrived at the second line, which was perhaps sixty or eighty rods in rear of the first (now

temporarily out of danger) when the enemy vigorously opened upon it with their artillery.

Four men had by this time taken hold of the stretcher and were carrying it upon their shoulders. They were just about to pass through the second line where space had been opened for that purpose when a shell came whizzing directly over them. The stretcher bearers involuntarily dodged. The consequence was that the poor wounded man dropped from their shoulders upon the hard rocks. The agony endured by Matthew in his fevered condition may be faintly imagined but cannot be described.

The stretcher was broken. A Captain who witnessed the act severely reprimanded the stretcher-bearers. They picked up their charge tenderly and finally succeeded in placing him among the wounded near the banks of the creek. He was laid upon half of a blanket and covered with the other half; his coat served as a pillow on which to rest his aching head.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when he was wounded. The fragment of shell had penetrated his right leg just below the knee, and shattered

the bones so that the parts protruded through the flesh, for such is war.

It was nearly night when Major J. R. Brelsford, medical director of the division, who was a particular friend of Matthew, because they were boon companions at chess during their leisure in camp, called upon the sufferer.

Having heard that Matthew was wounded he sought him out to render such assistance as he might. After his salutation and expression of sympathy, he removed the covering and with a sharp surgical instrument cut off the boot, the top of which reached above the knee. He next ripped open the trousers leg and laid the wound out bare. He carefully examined the injured member and then remarked:

"Well, Adjutant, in order to save your life that leg must come off," and saying this, he drew his forefinger across the limb to designate where the amputation must be performed.

"Doctor, if you cut off my leg to save my life, I'll never forgive you as long as I live!" exclaimed Matthew, adding, "too many soldiers are maimed for life by speedy amputation."

The doctor drew the flaps of the trousers legs back gently over the ghastly

wound and covered him up again with the blanket, expressing his regret that he could do nothing further for him, and so he left him.

Matthew laid all that night—not a bite to eat, but he felt no hunger; not a drop of water to drink though he was parched and perishing for want of it. Oh! what would he not have done or promised to do for a cup of cooling water. Beside him, on either side, lay other wounded, moaning and groaning; some praying, some cursing; all calling and pleading for water. Near by ran the creek, and during the night it rained very hard, but it was morning before any one came to quench the burning thirst which was consuming these soldier boys. It is not in the power of language to describe the sufferings and agony and anguish of the battlefield, the barbarous relic of the Dark Ages.

In the forenoon of the next day, Matthew with a number of others was carried to a shed which had formerly been used as a shelter for tobacco while being cured. It was quite extensive and accommodated a large number. It consisted merely of a roof of boards resting on posts well set in the ground; there were

no ends or sides. It was situated in the vicinity of the tunnel through which the railroad passed.

Here the wounded were cared for as best the nurses could. Supplies were limited, but they were given occasional sups of beef tea. There was no medical attendance whatever. Here they lay for two long, long, tedious days, after which they were put aboard of freight cars and compelled to lie upon the hard floors—two rows of boys with their heads toward the sides of the car, their feet toward the center. In this manner they were jolted and jostled to Chattanooga where they were placed in a regular army hospital, on Cameron Hill. Such were the sufferings endured by the boys of both the Blue and the Gray in the strife of war for the abolition of human slavery.

The surgeons examined Matthew's wound and found his leg swollen almost as large as his body. They decided upon an operation, to which he submitted only on condition that his leg should not be amputated. Seeing his earnestness they solemnly pledged him their word of honor that his wishes in the matter should be respected and only the loose bone be re-

moved. He doubted but was helpless in the hands of strangers. He was taken to the operating table and chloroformed. Happily when he regained consciousness he found himself again on his cot with his wounded limb done up in wooden splints, within a wire frame extending from his body to his toes, and suspended from the ceiling by a cord. He could neither move his leg nor turn his body, and in this position he languished for three months—three long, weary, agonizing months. For the first few weeks he lingered between life and death; indeed it was not expected that he would survive. A friend so informed him and asked to know if his body should be sent back to Ohio. Matthew replied "No, bury me among the Ohio boys in the soldier's cemetery." He was ready and willing to die to be relieved of his suffering, but his work was not done and he was restored to health to do valiant service in other fields.

Promoted to the rank of Captain, then Major, Matthew served the cause of his country until the close of the civil war, after which he pursued the arts of peace with the same fortitude and faithfulness that had characterized his life as a soldier.

VIII.

A CONQUEST OF PEACE—A CUSTOM OF THE CIVIL WAR.

"WANTED.—Two young ladies in the North to correspond with two soldiers, who are without relatives, and are risking their lives in defense of the Nation.

ARTHUR VAN LISLE,
CHARLES HOWARD.

Address, with Sherman's Army in its march to the sea."

UCH was the notice that appeared in one of the leading newspapers of Chicago during the civil war. Such requests were not unusual and thousands of patriotic women responded to these advertisements, corresponding with unknown soldiers, lending cheer and comfort to the "boys who were at the front," enduring long marches which were made less wearisome as they thought of the friends who would scan, with affectionate concern, the lists of those engaged in battle or those dropped by the way in hospital or trench.

While women could not endure the rigors of war in tent and field, they did these womanly deeds that cheered the soldiers to do their highest duty. A letter in camp was like the cup of water to a thirsty soul.

This special advertisement was answered by two young patriotic girls, one living at Roscoe, Illinois, and the other at Madison, Wisconsin, both strangers to the soldiers whose weary hours their letters cheered. The correspondence continued to the end of the war.

The war over, the young soldiers desired to know these maidens in person. They went together to pay their respects first to the young lady of Roscoe. It was a beautiful summer day. Driving along the roadway leading into the village, the soldiers passed a buggy, in which was seated, beside a small boy who was driving a single horse, a beautiful young girl clad in a pink calico gown of simple and tasteful make.

So bewitched were they with her beauty that they permitted her to pass and repass them several times, that they might look upon her blooming cheeks and happy face. Judge the surprise of the visiting soldier boys when they found this bewitching miss to be none other than "Clara," the war correspondent of Matthew.

He paid no visit to Madison, but left his companion to journey on alone. The tales of thrilling adventure that fell upon

the ears of this Miss completely won her heart, which was already enlisted through the brilliant correspondence that had been carried on for many months between them. Matthew left his girl lover only to return at an early day to claim her for his bride, who is now Mrs. Clara Lyon Peters, so well known to all philanthropists in the west, especially those engaged in the work for woman's emancipation; also ex-vice-president of the Woman's Press Association of Illinois.

CLARA LYON PETERS.

IX.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

IN all the years between 1855 and 1869 the two brothers, Matthew and Samuel, were unknown to each other. At the time that Matthew escaped his cruel taskmaster, Samuel, the young brother, was the inmate of a public orphan asylum, which was located at the corner of Jackson and Laurel streets in New Orleans.

The war was at an end and peace again hovered over a united land. Matthew's love for the long lost brother was reawakened, and he dreamed and longed night and day for some knowledge of the whereabouts of this his only known kin.

Had he too fallen into the hands of a cruel taskmaster, had he endured or escaped? Was he of the North or the South? Was he living or numbered among the dead? Had he fought on either side in the late war; if so, on which side was he found? These and many other questions came unbidden, at all hours of the day and night, to the mind of the elder brother.

It was on a calm summer evening in 1869

as Matthew sat on his porch reading a copy of a Chicago daily paper, that his eyes fell upon the account of the visit of the "Southern Loyalists" to that city. They were prominent gentlemen of the south making a tour of the north; their mission, to make observations for the promotion of the material welfare of that section of the states from which slavery had been so recently abolished. Among the list of names given was that of "E. Heistand," lieutenant governor of Louisiana.

"Ah!" exclaimed Matthew, "this was the name of a German lawyer, whose sign swung over the walk near the orphan asylum where Samuel had found shelter. Is it not possible that this man is related to the elder advocate and will it not be possible for him to find the records that will tell me of my long lost brother?" Here was a clue at least and the resourceful Matthew was not long in following it up. A letter soon reached the honorable gentleman, and with that admirable courtesy which is characteristic of southern men, his prompt reply brought the coveted record. E. Heistand, the lieutenant governor, was a son of the German advocate. The asylum had long since closed its doors, but the books

of record had been preserved. From these he found that the young orphan had been bound to a Louisiana planter at Opelousas, soon after Matthew had left New Orleans.

A letter to Samuel soon brought a response, and the long separated brothers were again united, to exchange life histories that were stranger than any fiction.

The experience of Samuel as a waif had been a checkered one indeed. He had remained in the south where "poor white trash," the indigent whites, were more despised and held in far lower esteem than the black slaves, with whom they were considered too low to associate. He had suffered the full measure of indignities heaped upon those of his class added to those of an orphan. Three times he had fled the persecutions of his master, only to be returned as an "incorrigible" and compelled to suffer on.

Fortunately for him, war made a way for his escape. He enlisted in the Confederate army, though a mere boy, as a member of the Confederate General Lovell's body guard, and afterwards assigned to the Third Louisiana Cavalry, where he served to the close of the war.

Environment sent one of these brothers into the army of the Blue and the other into that of the Gray. Who shall say that one was more patriotic than the other?

Strange to relate, these brothers were wounded on the same battlefield, on the same day and in the same way, though fighting, one under the stars and stripes, the other under the stars and bars.

Matthew's poetical tribute to the charity and peace that has settled over the National household through the union of the Blue and the Gray, is well worthy of reproduction at this point in our story:

BROTHER AND I.

I.

We were both in the army, brother and I,
He with Sterling Price 'neath the Stars and Bars;
I was with Rosecrans, bearing on high
The banner of Union, the Stripes and Stars—
He with the Stars and Bars, I with the Stripes and Stars.

II.

He marched north from the Pelican state,
With the Buckeye boys I marched to the south;
We met on the field, and it was our fate
To shed our blood at the cannon's mouth—
I for the North and he for the South.

III.

Both of us fought for what we thought right,
But of duty each took a different view;
Both of us entered the perilous fight
And did our duty as patriots do—
But he wore the Gray and I wore the Blue.

IV.

Thus full four years of strife, blood and tears
Passed wearily over the land of our love
The North filled with dread, the South full of fears,
The battle-smoke filling the heavens above,
The clash of arms—in the land of our love.

V.

But the war came to a close at last, and
I went home with the laurels I'd won;
Brother went south to the Pelican land
In the gloom of defeat, his cause undone—
I with my tattered flag—flag he had none.

VI.

I was received by the multitude
With open arms, with shouts and hurrahs;
But my brother's lot was sad as he stood
Amid his friends who mourned the lost cause—
He honored in silence, I with applause.

VII.

My brother indeed, was as brave and true
To the cause he espoused as I to mine;
He fought as patriots always do
When they feel they must fight or else resign
Their claim to honor and rights divine.

VIII.

He staked his life for a cause that went down
I staked mine for the Union for aye;
But when he surrendered (in honor bound
to support the old flag) he went his way
True to his honor and true to this day.

IX.

And now that the awful struggle is done,
Let the angel of peace assert her might,
Cementing our hearts and making us one,
Forgetting the bitterness of the fight
When brother slew brother and thought it right.

X.

Let the awful past be buried from sight
As our comrades so noble, brave and true
Are buried on fields where they made the brave fight,
Keeping their virtues alone in view—
The chivalrous Gray and generous Blue.

"Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray."

X.

MOTHER ROBERTS—A CENTENARIAN.

In 1873, when Mother Roberts was eighty-two years of age, she had outlived all of her family and relatives except a grand niece, and wealth she had none.

MOTHER ROBERTS, 102 YEARS.

Although she had fought well and bravely the battle of life, meeting obstacles greater than those encountered on the field of battle, there was no National Bureau where she might apply for a pension with which to support her tottering frame until her spirit could flee its earthly bondage. She had laid her wealth at the feet of noble service to her kind. Her jewels were registered in heaven, not in government bonds nor in earthly treasure.

It came to the knowledge of Matthew and Clara Peters that Mother Roberts was to be sent to the poor house for care the rest of her already prolonged life. "Bring her here," said Clara. "Yes," echoed Matthew, "we will bring her here. She shall have the cosiest corner in our hearts and home, and the tender care and love she meted out to the street gamin shall be returned to her an hundred fold, if possible."

It was a kind Providence that gave her this home during the long evening of her life. From this loving shelter on a clear, beautiful day, at high noon, January 6th, 1894, this venerable saint at the age of one hundred and two years and five months, passed into rest eternal.

For twenty-one years she was the beloved and honored guest of the beautiful home of the street gamin for whom she had cared nearly half a century before. No parent ever received from affectionate children richer love or tenderer care and ministrations than were bestowed upon "Mother" Roberts by those in whose home her lot was cast.

A large concourse of friends came to pay honor and tribute to this noble life, summoned by the following notice:

MRS. ANISE SHARPE ROBERTS.

Born
in Newtown, Conn., August 10, 1791.

Died
in Watseka, Illinois, January 6, 1894,
at the home of Maj. M. H. Peters.

Funeral Services
at the M. E. Church, Monday, January 8, 1894,
at 1 o'clock p. m.,
conducted by Rev. R. B. Williams,
assisted by Rev. Samuel Light.
The remains will be interred in the
G. A. R. Cemetery.

Sweet singers chanted at the grave the poetical tribute of the gamin-son:

ON THE DEATH OF MOTHER ROBERTS.

Her wasted frame will be consigned to dust
From which it sprang;
Her sainted soul ascend to God, the Just,
Of whom she sang.
And there, upon that bright eternal shore
She'll meet and greet her loved ones gone before
To dwell in love and peace forevermore.

Oh, may her holy faith and trust
Be our triumph over death;
So when the summons comes at last
We, too, may pass as she has passed
In faith and trust and triumph grand
Into the blessed spirit land,
Once more to grasp her sainted hand;
No more to grieve, no more to part,
To feel no more the anguished heart;
No more to weep, no more to sigh,
No more to suffer or to die;
But there to live in joy and peace
While God shall give our joy increase
As time rolls to eternity—
Our bliss confirmed eternally.

Farewell, dear Mother; few the days
Ere we shall meet to join in praise
Of Him who said "Come unto me,
A mansion is prepared for thee—
To thee a mansion shall be given
Not made of hands, high in the heaven."
There we shall meet,
There we shall greet;
Oh, blessed hope, oh, promise sweet—
Though here we part, there we shall meet.

Farewell, dear Mother, while you wait
Our coming at the pearly gate,
Oh, may in life our purpose be
To live beyond with God and thee.

In these days when the grace of tender ministrations needs cultivating and multiplying, the author may be pardoned for printing the letter that announced to her the death of this noble Mother, that the curtain may be lifted and the world see that the greatest thing in the world is love—and its service.

WATSEKA, ILL., Jan. 18, 1894.

Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, LaFayette, Ind.

DEAR FRIEND:—You intimated in your last letter that you expected to hear from me in regard to Mother's last days and death. She passed away sweetly, calmly, peacefully, as might a confiding babe in its mother's arms, her hands in mine. The last breath left her lips just as the clock struck two in the afternoon of January 6, 1894. She had been grad-

ually sinking for several days, and as we feared she might die at any moment, we watched her constantly; and frequently our little family would surround her bedside, expecting the end. We knew it had come that morning. There were occasional moans, as of a child in its slumbers, but for the last hour there was no sound but a gradual shortening of her feeble breath until the last gasp, when there was a slight quiver of the thin lips, and she slipped away from this life.

I can really think of nothing which I consider of special interest concerning Mother's last moments unless the above be so. The story of her noble life is known to you.

At the funeral hosts came to pay the worthy tributes of respect and affection.

Although we had long anticipated Mother's death, yet how hard it seems for us to reconcile ourselves to the new conditions which surround us. I am often aroused in my sleep thinking I heard Mother call. But all these dreams will pass away in time.

Isn't it sad to reflect—after all our efforts, all our love, all our cherished associations here—how soon we shall be forgotten by those who knew us on earth.

And yet, when we reflect again, we are cheered by the thought that after all we are still linked through this little span of earth's experiences to that spiritual life which knows no death in company with congenial souls who knew and loved us here. The idea of eternal death (annihilation) is abhorrent—at least to me. There is something within us—a part of us—call it soul or what you please—that hopes, trusts and longs for an undying future; and for me, Mother Nature gives every evidence that this hope, this longing shall be realized—for in nature nothing is destroyed, however its form or conditions may be changed. If this is true of material things as taught in philosophy, why is it not a higher truth, too high perhaps for our finite comprehension with regard to things spiritual, intangible and inexplainable.

I need no sacred volume to assure my faith in a future existence—others may—yet I could not discredit nor discard the holy precepts and teachings of the Bible. We shall all be with Mother ere long.

But I must cease this moralizing or it may lead me too far.

Excuse this long indefinite letter, and believe me, very truly your friend,

M. H. PETERS.

XI.

SEARCHING FOR A BIRTHPLACE.

OBER-OTTERBACH.

IT had long been the cherished desire of Matthew to visit the Fatherland and if possible learn something of his ancestry of which he had no knowledge.

He realized the difficulties of the undertaking, for he had but a faint idea of the place from which his people had emigrated. He thought he had heard his father speak of Ober-Otterbach, Landau and Strasburg, at least such was a vague memory of his childhood.

He sought diligently for Ober-Otterbach on the map, in geography and gazetteer, and he questioned Germans and French alike as to the location of his

supposed birthplace, but all in vain. No one had ever heard of Ober-Otterbach, country, village, city, whichever it might be.

But Landau and Strasburg were old historic cities, and once there he surely could find some clue to his supposed birthplace. Not only had he heard his father speak of these famous cities, which have been made footballs between France and Germany, first belonging to one and then to the other, but he spoke the French language, although German was the household tongue. These things led him to believe that Ober-Otterbach must be in Elsace or in Die Pflaz (the Palatinate), adjoining territory.

With these impressions well established in mind, February, 1895, found our indomitable hero aboard S. S. New York, bound for Southampton, England.

Without unnecessary delay he made his way to Paris via Havre, France.

The farther he traveled the more frequently he asked Germans and French alike of the location of Ober-Otterbach, only to note the shake of the head and mystified look of total ignorance of the place.

So on to Strasburg he went, sure that

once there he would be able to find the place of his seeking.

As soon as located in the hotel St. Gothard, he made the usual inquiry of the ubiquitous clerk, only to receive the discouraging statement that though born and reared in Strasburg, he had never heard of Ober-Otterbach.

Landlord and guests were questioned and notwithstanding all took a deep personal interest, which is a part of the common courtesies of the old countries, it was to no avail. No one knew more than himself, indeed none had ever heard the name spoken as in any part of Deutschland.

The weariness of much travel had aggravated the malady of the army-mutilated limb, and a stay in the public hospital, which is one of the largest in all Europe, was made necessary. Here one of the white-bonnetted angels of mercy, sister of charity, a member of that great army of saintly women, whose gentle touch, quiet manner, soft tones and sweet words of consolation have smoothed the pillow, slacked the thirst and calmed the troubled hearts of millions of sufferers in tent, on field or in hospital, was Matthew's constant attendant.

Far from home and friends, sick among strangers, suffering from pain, mental as well as physical, disappointed in his fondest hopes, unable to converse with those about him, whose language and customs were foreign to his own, he lived over in his waking hours the sorrows of his childhood, the experiences of the tent, field and hospital, and suffered the greatest affliction of all, the dreaded disease of homesickness, but with no thought, however, of abandoning his search for his birthplace. For should he fail in his search, had he not been well repaid for his journey in the sights that he had witnessed already?

He determined, as soon as the doctors would give their permit for him to leave the hospital, that Landau should be visited, for surely he would get some desired knowledge there.

About ready for his departure from the St. Gothard hotel, the clerk told a company of traveling men the mission of der Amerikaner. With thoughtful mien, one man placed his hand on the shoulder of the foreign guest, and said while he had never heard of such a place, he would soon find out if there is such an one. He politely tipped his hat and hurried out of

the room upon the street; soon he returned, holding a small piece of paper in his hand, his face all aglow. He had been to the post office.

"I have found it," he said, excitedly, and hastened to place the slip of paper in the hand that grasped it with eagerness. It read:

"Ober-Otterbach, near Weissenburg in Elsace, but it is in the Palatine."

Weissenburg was but a short distance to the north of Strasburg and on the direct route to Landau by rail.

Ober-Otterbach was an obscure, insignificant dorf-village, off the railroad, lying in a mountain valley, and hence it was unknown to the outside world.

The relief that came to the almost despairing traveler was akin to an escape from some impending danger. While his life was not at stake, much of his worldly happiness was, and none ever becomes so lost to the love of kin and country as to forever forget or lose their identity without a pang of regret.

A ride on the railway winding in and out among the romantic valleys and hills, with the quaint old stone buildings, with here and there a dorf, with its narrow streets and small homes, gable ends to

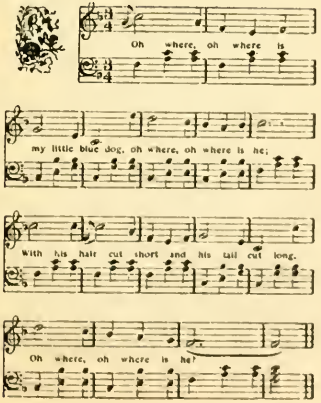
the streets, squads of neatly dressed soldiers, to be seen at all the old country stations, carts drawn by mastiffs and man in the same harness, and women wearing short dresses and wooden shoes, leading children, old before their time as indicated by their careworn faces, these and many other sights provided entertainment that made the two hours ride seem short, notwithstanding the eagerness of our hero to consummate his mission.

He stepped into the motley throng which here, as elsewhere, in the old countries, crowded the depot, and was soon on his way to his hotel.

The path led through a common, then a park and then over a bridge under which a sparkling stream danced over stones and pebbles on its way down out of the mountain to pour its pearly waters into the legendary Rhine where it mingles with the seductive strains of the Lorelie.

"Lauterbach" said the porter, as he pointed with evident local pride to the purling brook below. "Lauterbach," exclaimed Matthew, is this the stream that has given its name to the most popular of all German songs, an air as fa-

miliar to Americans and English as it is to Alascians, a melody as natural, musical and inspiring as the breezes of the Vosges mountains from whose sides it hails, and then how often he had heard his father sing it, and now—the son, from the sweet memory of the father's lullaby, heard the echo in the song of the brook under his very feet.

For a moment he stood entranced for he had never dreamed that he would find his birthplace near this stream of enchanting song. So forgetting all weariness, he inadvertantly sang, after the rollicking notes:

Oh where, oh where is
my little blue dog, oh where, oh where is he;
With his hair cut short and his tail cut long.
Oh where, oh where is he?

And shuffled the waltz, that caught his feet with the gladness of his soul.

FINDING KIN.

Only those who have tried the experiment can fully understand the halting gait of the tongue when mingling with those whose ancestors inherited different languages at the confusion of Babylon.

Withal Matthew had managed to find the place of his search, now how should he find kith and kin, if indeed he had any to find?

He had consented to remain at the hotel that night, for the sun was low on his arrival, and in the morning he would renew his journey by post chaise.

No longer feeling anxiety about the final outcome of his efforts, he was prepared to enjoy whatever might present itself as curious and entertaining.

Soon after supper the guests of the evening began to arrive in the spacious corridors of the hotel, which is the popular resort for the people, according to classes, this one being a resort for the upper classes. Business men and professionals in full dress, army officers in full uniform, sword, sash and all, came in couples and groups, seated themselves

about the tables and ordered their schoppen of beer or liter of wine, which they sipped at intervals, while they smoked and talked incessantly. The Amerikaner sat apart, looked and listened, noting occasional glances from the company directed towards him, accompanied with subdued remarks.

The utmost decorum was preserved towards the stranger throughout the evening, when at ten o'clock the most cordial and friendly "gute nacht" was spoken and the guests departed.

Promptly at the hour appointed the next morning the postman called for the passengers, not with the mail coach, but with a double sleigh, as a furious snow storm had prevailed throughout the night. Amid the blasts of wind and clang of church bells, for it was Sunday, they drove out of town, up hill, then down, each succeeding hill higher than its predecessor, until finally reaching a considerable elevation the postman halted and pointing down into the valley said to his companion, in German, "below lies Ober-Otterbach." And there nestling among the spur-hills of the Vosges mountains lay the quaint village in its romantic setting. The horses were halted

to allow the stranger to gaze across the valley down upon the village which for generations maybe, had been the home of his ancestors. The roofs were white with snow so deep as to almost obliterate the outlines of the houses, except the school house with its turret and the old church with its slender, towering steeple.

On the sides of the hills could be seen the terraced vineyards and in the distance the timbered mountains, all white with snow. Down the hill they went and were soon safely lodged at the Gasthaus. Dinner was promptly announced and Matthew found himself in a small room alone before an elaborate spread, while all other guests were dining in the general reception room.

The honor of dining alone was conferred because the stranger was a distinguished guest, an American, the first to ever set foot within the gates of Ober-Otterbach!

At evening the clouds had lifted and the snow ceased. The usual company began to assemble at the hotel after supper, and the postman companion came early with two gentlemen who received the American most cordially. They were cousins of George Peters, who nearly

half a century before had gone from them and had been almost forgotten by them.

The news soon spread that the stranger was in town and many called to see *der Amerikaner*, and left to spread the news further. Soon the information Matthew sought was secured, as many of the older inhabitants knew the parents and grandparents of the American. He found, still standing and serving the people, the ancient mill erected by his grandfather Peters. At first view it looked like an old fortified castle, so large and massive, surrounded by a thick high stone wall which was entered through a huge gateway, hung with double doors, the whole structure bespeaking the sturdy, thoroughness of character which had trickled through the blood down to the third generation and found its vent in the indomitable will that had led Matthew through the mazes of his checkered life.

"Your grandfather was an honorable man, and rich, too," was the universal verdict of the older inhabitants who still remained to recount the past. Many there were who remembered the departure of his parents to the new country,

but none could tell the year as it was so long, long ago. The house in which George Peters kept a bakery was pointed out, and like all others in these secluded valleys, so constructed as to defy the ravages of time. The home, however crude or humble to these rugged, honest, hardworking mountain dwellers, is the castle and fortress, where

"At night returning every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's look that brightens in the blaze."

On Monday morning in company with one of the elder cousins, the office of the Burgomeister was visited; with great dignity of bearing, for office holding exalteth to honor in these parts, where modern politics have not yet invaded, the Burgomeister, or Mayor, produced several ponderous leather bound volumes which he placed upon the table before his guests and assisted in finding the records of the family. It consisted of the record of the births of grandparents, his father, two brothers and two sisters, all of whom had gone to America many years before, except the grandmother whose body rested in the kirk yard near by. But what about his mother and himself? Must he return to America

without learning whether he was native or foreign born, for this was a part of the history in which he had a deep interest. To be sure he had served four years under the stars and stripes in defense of the Union. He had shed his blood and he bore the scars of battle on his body and he carried an honorable discharge from the volunteer army of the United States as passports to honorable citizenship, and he almost wished he might find that he was American born. He did not lament the place where he might have been born, but he did lament the want of knowledge as to where that place was. It was the uncertainty that perplexed him most. Nightfall found the searchers again in the midst of the usual company at the village hotel. Among these loungers he found an old gentleman to whom he related his story, through the assistance of his hospitable cousin acting as interpreter. The old man's face brightened as he listened.

Why, he was a bosom friend of George Peters, attended his wedding, knew the very house in which the child Matthew was born. It was not in Ober-Otterbach but in Neider (lower) Otterbach, six miles down the valley. This was a

cheerful ending for the day's despondency, and Matthew grasped the hand of the old man and thanked him as the blood tingled in his veins and his heart throbbed as he heard the coveted news.

A sleigh was chartered and at an early hour the next morning a double team of strong horses, driven by a dauntless mountaineer, carried the cousins down the valley to the quaint little old town of Neider-Otterbach with its single street, following the windings of the valley and the same brook which turned the wheel of his grandfather's ancient mill.

The first object to attract attention as they entered the village from its lower end was a shrine, before which Matthew afterwards learned his ancestors for generations had bowed in adoration. It represented the crucified Savior, life size, with a large bible open at the foot of the black cross, a passage of scripture in large letters being plainly visible to the passer-by, the group being enclosed with a low iron railing.

They wound their way through this narrow street, passed the single church and entered the school house, where all public records were kept. As they ascended the broad stone steps, which led to a wide

hallway, extending the whole length of the building, the American's curiosity was attracted to the peculiar arrangement of the building. On either side was a rack filled with pigeon holes, something after the style of our post office boxes, only larger; in these the children deposited their wooden shoes before entering the school room, the girls on one side, the boys on the other.

It required but a moment to open the old records, and sure enough there was the record of the birth, which read: "Matthew Peter, born June 6, 1843, babe, America," indicating that he was this early taken to America. The entry was fresh in the mind of the Burgomeister, for it was he who made it. Looking out of the office window across the street, the house which was his birthplace was pointed out, this having been formerly the home of the Moock family to which his mother belonged, her name being Magdalena Moock.

At last our hero was happy; the object of his mission was accomplished. His childhood impressions had served him well; he visited the house and strayed through its tiny rooms; he talked with many old acquaintances of his family and found many kin.

The record of his ancestry was one of frugality, honor and intelligence, and he was fully satisfied. He made the return trip with a light heart and in a happy frame of mind. Many were the fancies woven as he dashed back over the hills, each hill with its legend, every valley with its romance, every village with a history.

Yes, he had found his birthplace but by the merest accident. How was it that almost in the moment of despair he should chance to meet the venerable Herr Daum? How was it that he should chance to meet Hugh Venender, the traveling man at Strasburg? Was the babe, the gamin orphan, the citizen, the soldier, the patriot, under the guidance of some good angel, whose unseen hand had protected him through the many vicissitudes that had beset him from the cradle to the return and visit to his birthplace? Who can tell?

The return to America included visits to Landau and the leading cities of Germany, France, Switzerland and Great Britain, the trip having occupied but two months, but having satisfied the desire of a lifetime, the knowledge of his ancestry and birthplace.

XII.

A MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

"POPULAR government is still on trial, and the man who will engage in or encourage any form of political dishonor is a traitor both to God and man," said Matthew, with his eyes flashing indignation at the request of men who stood before him begging him to accept the nomination for Mayor of his home municipality, on a platform that violated good morals and patriotism.

"Sirs," continued he, with fervor of speech, "municipal corruption has been the bane of every government and through it the masses have suffered the long train of human woes that have marked the decadence and final overthrow of every government that has left the path of rectitude for the demands of temporary expediency. If I accept a nomination at the hands of your party for chief executive of this city, I shall do it only with the understanding that my oath of office to enforce the laws as I find them and administer justice to all,

promoting righteousness in this community, so far as my authority goes, be held sacred before God and my constituents!"

This declaration was made with an emphasis that left no doubt as to the political honor and loyalty of the man whose name was sought as a possible winning candidate for the mayorality of the city. His interviewers were three influential men, two of whom were officers in the two largest churches in the city, and native born citizens of their state.

The issue in the pending election was whether or no license should be granted to sell intoxicating liquors for the ensuing year within the precincts of the municipality.

These wars were waged each annual election and men were nominated for and against this issue alone.

The office of mayor was of unusual importance in this pending contest, as the incumbent would have the casting vote between the contending members of his council when the question of extending license was to be decided.

"Well," said Deacon Longprayers, "I believe that men should enforce the laws,

when practicable, but when we all know that it is impossible to make no-license prohibit drunkenness and so long as intoxicating liquors are to be sold anyway in spite of the law, we may as well have the $10,000 revenue from the saloons with which to pay the expense of local government, as to have no license, no revenue and as much drunkenness as we would if license was granted."

Having delivered himself of these anarchist sentiments with an air of political and business rectitude, he glanced into the face of his companions, who assented to his opinions with nods of the head and an air of complacency which showed that they believed fully that party victory was more to be regarded than party morals or individual righteousness.

"Yes, yes," said Elder Cash, "sentiment will do to talk about but it is poor business policy these times. Prohibition don't prohibit and it never will, and we may as well let the saloon-keepers pay the cost of the damage they do. Yes, let them undo with their money some of the harm they do with their poison grog; they will do the harm anyway and the taxpayers will be burdened to care for the paupers and criminals they make in

the community. Yes let us have the license money by all means," emphasizing his argument by an impetuous stroke of his cane on the floor before him. As he delivered himself of these words he sought endorsement from his "brother-in-the-Lord," Deacon Longprayers, whose ready nod of the head gave the speaker keen satisfaction.

"Never, never will I lend myself to the endorsement of such sentiments, either in public or private life," said Matthew, much to the chagrin and discomfiture of the two men who professed to follow Christ but served Satan whenever the slightest temptation presented itself.

"I fought through the civil war to abolish human slavery and promote peace, prosperity and happiness for all the people, and I would rather paralyze my remaining good arm than to wrong my fellowman and undermine free institutions by signing the license for any man to damn a community by the indiscriminate sale of intoxicating liquors. I will never assist in perpetuating a business that is a greater slavery than the one abolished by force of arms. No, no, go and seek some other candidate for your official favors. I cannot accept office at

so great a sacrifice of principle and patriotism," said Matthew, who turned with soldierly bearing and indignation away from the presence of the two "good citizen" anarchists, who excused their immoral political conduct by regular attendance upon the weekly prayer meeting and passing the bread and the cup at the communion service in their respective churches.

Matthew soon sought the presence of his wife and rehearsed to her his experience with the deacon and elder. She listened with evident pride in her husband's devotion to principle. She expressed great contempt for the class of men, all too numerous, who like the two churchmen apologize for political sinning in the name of expediency.

The narrative ended, she arose and placed her hand gently on the shoulder of her husband, planted a kiss on his brow and exclaimed: "My dear, you shall be nominated for Mayor on a no-license ticket, and you shall be elected, too, or the women and children of this community will know why."

"Only that I may serve those who suffer would I enter the contest, but remember that women and children cannot

vote," replied Matthew. "Yes," exclaimed Clara, "but women and children, with God, make a majority even in municipal elections where men alone do the voting," gently tapping with her hand the little knot of white ribbon that adorned her waist as a symbol of undying hostility to the licensed liquor traffic.

"I must go now, and if I am not back to dinner, never mind, I will be here when my work is done."

Without delay she donned her bonnet and with hasty step disappeared up the street.

"Well, what can she and voteless women do in such contests?" murmured Matthew, as he found himself alone in his home, smiling with the thought, as he arose to return to his place of business.

The shades of evening were lengthened when Clara returned to her home. Matthew was waiting her coming with no small degree of anxiety and curiosity, but somewhat incredulous as to the success of her mission. With a laughing twinkle in her eyes, she said, without waiting for questions, "It is fixed. You will be nominated and elected, and let Deacon Longprayers and Elder Cash work against you

if they dare. The women will have them expelled from the church, or they will let them support their churches and run their prayer meetings hereafter by themselves if they help to defeat no-license in this election." Her manner indicated an energy of purpose that in women betokens success.

XIII.

CAMPAIGNING.

AS was the custom in all such municipal contests, numerous meetings were held in all the churches and public halls of the city for the education of the people. The saloon was arraigned with convincing statistics of drunkenness, disorder, pauperism and crime by eloquent men and women; little children paraded the streets with banners bearing mottoes appealing to voters to stand by the home instead of the saloon; newspapers that advocated license were refused admission to the homes of no-license advocates, and women pledged themselves not to make purchases of tradesmen who advertised their wares in "whisky papers." The saloon men plotted secretly to boycott and destroy the business of all men who opposed license; drinking men were plied with free liquor that they might not come under the influence of the temperance workers, and large sums of money were contributed with which to purchase the newspapers and voters in the interest of license.

The women held prayer meetings, distributed literature and interviewed voters. Everybody was arrayed on one side or the other. Deacon Longprayers had been converted and was found laboring for no-license. He displayed conspicuously over his gateway during the campaign the scriptural motto:

"Woe unto the city builded with blood."

He had met with an incident that made a powerful appeal to his heart and conscience and silenced all arguments on behalf of a cash value for the sale of indulgences in drunkenness and anarchy.

The campaign had waged but a few days when the deacon was compelled to witness one of the many home scenes that afflict the land on account of the legalized curse of liquor selling. He had just finished his morning repast and opened his bible from which to read a passage for his usual family devotions. A gentle tap at the door was answered by him in person. There stood a boy about twelve years of age, poorly clad and barefooted; tears had made tracks down his begrimed cheeks. With great embarrassment and deep sorrow the little fellow asked: "Are you Deacon Longprayers?" "I am, my little son; what can I do for you this

bright Sabbath morning?" answered the deacon, tenderly.

"Please, sir, will you go to the jail and read and pray with my father; he is to be hung to-morrow for the murder of my mother; pa is a good man, but whisky did it. If you do not read and pray with him, nobody will," said the child between sobs, "and I want him prayed with before he dies. Pa is to be hung to-morrow at ten o'clock, and the governor says we may have his body, and please, sir, will you come and be with us children when the body is brought home? We are very poor and have no friends and no money, and if you do not come to us nobody will; please, sir, will you come?"

The boy told the deacon where he lived, and with the promise to comply with his requests, the child went away and the deacon took up his devotions with an earnestness quite unusual for him.

He went to the jail that morning instead of attending the regular church service. He found the father of the afflicted household to be a man of ordinary intelligence and fully realizing the awful penalty that awaited him the following day. He said: "I suppose I murdered my good wife, but I have no recollection of

the deed; I was drunk, they tell me, when I committed the act, but it seems impossible that the insanity of drink could have made me murder the mother of my children and the wife of my heart and young manhood" and the strong man broke down and cried as if his heart would break. He did not dread so much the penalty of death as he did the leaving of his worse than orphaned children to the cold charities of the world. He was comforted only when the good Deacon promised to look after his bereft children. The Deacon read and prayed with him and left him to his fate.

Early the next morning Deacon Longprayers found his way to the miserable hovel where the children were sheltered. In one corner of a dark and dingy room, upon a bundle of straw covered with rags, were two sweet faced little girls, crying and sobbing as if their hearts would break. Between sobs they cried out, "Papa was good but whisky did it, papa was good but whisky did it."

In a short time came two strong men bearing the body of the dead father in a rude pine coffin which they placed upon two rickety chairs, when the screams and sobs of the children became so heart-

rending that the officers could endure it no longer and they turned their steps down the rickety stairs and with moistened eyes hastened from the terrible scene.

The brave little brother lovingly drew his sisters to the side of the coffin and said: "Come sisters kiss papa's face before it is cold," and as the three covered the face of the dead father with caresses and kisses, they continued the pathetic apology, "Papa was good but whisky did it, papa was good but whisky did it."

Deacon Longprayers stood humbled and self-accursed before the awful scene. With tears streaming down over his cheeks, he raised his heart to God and in the deep anguish of his soul exclaimed: "O, God, have I been guilty of voting to license a traffic that can make such a scene as this possible? Great and merciful Father, forgive me and I promise Thee that never again will I cast a ballot for any man nor any party that will stand in defense of a business that can make one such as this possible."

"Mother murdered, father hung, children orphaned, homeless, penniless and friendless, this is the real "revenue" that the community derives from the licensed

saloon," murmured the deacon as he contemplated the object lesson that had effectually converted him to vote no-license.

Before the day was done he had sought the presence of Matthew and taken him by the hand and assured him of his influence in securing his election for Mayor and warmly congratulated him for the stand he had early taken on behalf of right and for refusing to be influenced by the bribe of public revenue, in return for municipal immorality.

The sad story of this blighted home was rehearsed from every pulpit and platform and wherever men and women congregated to discuss the issues at stake in the pending election.

Hearts were touched and consciences of apologetic church members were moved, and when the votes were counted out Matthew was found to have been elected by an overwhelming majority.

Once installed in office, the will of the people was enforced and men who sold intoxicants in violation of law were shown no more mercy than other criminals, and anarchy was found to be an unprofitable practice by liquor dealers.

Matthew held the office which he hon-

ored for two consecutive terms, promoting sobriety and good order in the community. At the end of his second term as Mayor he was elected to a seat in the Senate of his state, which position he filled with marked ability.

An extract from a speech made by Matthew, on a bill before the Senate of which he was a member, shows the keen sense of justice this foreign-born citizen exhibited; it is in marked contrast to the sentiments expressed by the majority of the native-born members with whom he was associated. Whenever Matthew arose from his seat to speak, his oratory was of that high order that his honorable associates always paid him respectful and undivided attention.

He said: "Mr. President, the proposition that is before this body at this hour is to enfranchise the women of Illinois. I am in favor of it. I fail to see how any man who believes in a government of the people, by the people and for the people can refuse to support this measure. Women are citizens and 'people' and to deny them the privilege of suffrage is to either make the declarations in our Bill of Rights a lie or deny that women are 'people.'

"We declare that 'taxation without representation is tyranny,' and at the same time deprive one-half of our citizens of representation, though we tax them many millions of dollars the same as we do men. We sound aloud to the world, 'that all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed,' and continue to deny one-half our citizens the privilege of consenting.

"To do this is to practice a monstrous lie before the world and a rank injustice to the most enlightened, intelligent and patriotic half of our citizenship. We have exalted the foreigner from the slums of the Old World over our mothers; we have given the untutored negro from the plantations of the south power over our wives and daughters; we allow the staggering, ignorant male drunkard to make laws for his sober intelligent sister, and so long as we deny suffrage to women we commit a wrong to ourselves as men, and stay the hand of a better civilization and greatly endanger the life of free institutions.

"No man can present an argument against this measure without writing himself down as unworthy the rights of citizenship which have made him a mem-

ber of this legislative body and clothed him with his present power.

"Foreign blood runs in my veins but I am an American citizen.

"On behalf of the noble woman who took me, a waif, a street gamin, and made a man of me; on behalf of the sweet-faced, bonnetted nurse who administered to me in the army hospital with that tenderness which needs expression in the laws of our land; on behalf of my wife whose cool judgment, unswerving devotion to good morals and patriotism has been and is my guiding genius, I demand, with all the sense of the responsibility I feel for the present and the future welfare of my adopted country, that we do this measure of justice, already too long delayed, to the women of Illinois. I shall vote 'yes' on this question."

He took his seat amidst a fair demonstration of approval.

A heavy-browed and coarse-visaged member turned toward Matthew and asked in a half-angry tone, "Don't you think, sir, that it is the duty of women to rear children for citizens rather than to make laws for the country?" punctuating his interrogation with a low chuckle. "Sir," retorted Matthew, "if your mother

had been in better business than rearing such a citizen as you are, judging your character by the votes you cast in this Senate, the world would have been better off for it." Shouts of laughter followed this happy retort, when another member called out: "If women vote will they fight, will they go to war?" Matthew was quickly on his feet and with that readiness of speech which characterizes the man honest with himself he replied: "No, sir, when women have full power in popular government there will be too much tenderness, common sense, conservative judgment and Godliness to permit settling any question by the cruel and barbaric methods now practiced by men, and as one who has been maimed by shot and shell and suffered ten thousand deaths, because my sex still arbitrates with bullet and blood instead of by the more enlightened methods of brain and ballot, I urge the adoption of the measure. Woman suffrage will speed the day when the sword of war shall be beaten into the pruning hook of peace."

Most generous applause met this effort at the hands of men who later in the session cast a majority vote against the measure so eloquently and forcefully pre-

sented by Matthew, the foreign immigrant.

On every other question presented for official sanction he took the highest grounds for justice and morality, thus promoting the greatest welfare of his state. He served in official capacity with the same wisdom and patriotism that he had in tent and upon the battlefields of the civil war.

XIV.

HENRY ROBERTS.

AFTER several years faithful service as agent of the Under Ground Railroad, Henry Roberts returned to his Ohio home and died. He did not live to take part in the civil war, the awful struggle between the years 1861 and '65, which resulted in the downfall of the institution he abhorred and for which he had given his life as surely as had he met death on the tented field.

Although this was denied him he brought from the South the street gamin who filled his place in the ranks of Freedom's Army, and who now, after more than a quarter of a century, with a right arm crippled in the cause of Union and Liberty, recounts with a grateful heart the unselfish devotion and heroism of his friend and his fellow-being's benefactor.

XV.

SAMUEL PETERS.

LIVING on and owning the plantation near Opelousas, Louisiana, in the house occupied by General Banks for headquarters while engaged in the Red River campaign during the civil war, is Samuel Peters and his charming Acadian wife. The family tongue is French. It is the aim of Mr. Peters to teach all with whom he comes in contact that love and tenderness bestowed on the humblest outcast and most unfortunate human being is the highest grace attainable through culture and good fortune. Love is the law of the family.

XVI.

THE OLD TAILOR.

THE drunken tailor, for such he was, never found out what had become of Matthew until the latter's visit to New Orleans in 1885, when he found his cruel master with some difficulty in another and more remote part of the city, living in a small room in abject poverty and wretchedness. He was grey, wrinkled and bent with age, but there was still visible a semblance of his former features which no one who had ever known him could fail to recognize. He was amazed, as may be well imagined, when the grey-haired visitor disclosed his identity and he realized that he was indeed the long-lost runaway who had so mysteriously disappeared years before.

After he had overcome his surprise at this strange development he became excited and infuriated, for he was an exceedingly passionate man, and began in a most shameful and profane manner to heap his abuse upon Pfeifer Frantz, the policeman, who had entrusted

the orphan to his care and keeping, charging him with kidnapping and concealing him, though Pfeifer Frantz was as innocent of the boy's escape and whereabouts as the tailor himself.

To appease his conscience he fumbled among a lot of papers, brown with age, and handing a letter to his former charge, accused him of writing it, after the custom of German families each New Year. This letter was full of expressions of love and gratitude for faithful care. Matthew had no recollection of having penned the letter of gratitude to his old tormentor. This beautiful custom of filial devotion had no place in the experience of the little orphan. It was a forgery, written, doubtless, to somewhat ease the conscience of the man who vented his unrestrained will on a helpless child; his life had been one of grasping and injustice, his old age was embittered and lonely.

XVII.

AT HOME.
A. D. 1898.

AT Watseka, Illinois, in a cottage, tasteful in exterior, within all the comforts of a model home, with an only heir, Arthur Van Lisle, who bears the name that won the soldier's bride, with books, music, works of art, flowers, pets, sunshine and good cheer, Matthew Henry and Clara Lyon Peters, surrounded with innumerable friends, "are growing old beautifully together," with an abiding faith that it is not all of life to live and serve self in this fitful world.

ARTHUR VAN LISLE.

Their hearts and hands are ever open to those in need of material, intellectual or spiritual help.

Matthew's ambition is to be instrumental in establishing homes for orphan

children, as he looks back over his own pitiful childhood and out upon the army of waifs in our cities cast adrift upon the helpless conditions of orphanage. So do the afflictions of life prepare us for higher usefulness of one to another.

* * * * *

Such is the true tale of a foreign immigrant. It is the glory of America that out of such birth, much adversity and unhappy environment can come the men, women and homes which represent the highest and happiest development of the human race.

The kind words of Henry Roberts that changed the career of the street gamin and made a man of him, the motherly sacrifice that gave him a home, the love of country that braved the terrors of war, the gentle ministrations and tender care of the gamin for the centenarian mother, teach that the Golden Rule is the safest and most righteous guiding sentiment in all matters pertaining to persons or nations, for love worketh no ill.

The story of our hero teaches us that this is God's country. Matthew's suc-

cess in life is a plea for worthy foreign immigration.

The train of circumstances attending his life and his nobility of character as a citizen emphasizes in the minds of all true Americans the sentiment that made the greatness of William Lloyd Garrison:

"Every man is my brother and every land my country."

district. His election ... election.

MATTHEW H. PETERS.

Among the leading and most progressive citizens and business men of Watseka none stands higher than Matthew H. Peters, who conducts the best-known and largest book, stationery and news store in Watseka. Mr. Peters is one of the old-timers in this vicinity, and enjoys the confidence and universal respect of the citizens of Iroquois county and eastern Illinois. He carries everything in his establishment essential to the successful conduct of a store of this character. He is also agent of THE CHICAGO DEMOCRAT AND DISPATCH. Mr. Peters located in Watseka thirty-three years ago, and for fifteen years was the editor and publisher of the Iroquois County Times, one of the leading Democratic papers published in this vicinity.

Mr. Peters ... often been ... been chairman of the ... ocratic committee ... He was a member of the ... assembly of Illinois, was the democratic candidate for the state senate in 1884 and the democratic nominee for congress in 1886 against L. E. Payson, who defeated him by a reduced majority. From 1876 to 1880 Mr. Peters was mayor of Watseka. He is now serving as a member on the board having in charge the affairs of the new public library. Mr. Peters served four years and three months in the union army during the war of the rebellion, serving in the Sixteenth and Seventy-fourth Ohio Regiments. He enlisted in the Seventy-fourth Ohio as a private and came out with the rank of major. He was colonel of the Ninth Illinois National Guard from 1878 until 1883, and was formerly commander of Williams Post, No. 25, G. A. R., and is a member of the Loyal Legion. He was wounded at the battle of Stone River and in the campaign against Atlanta. He is a Mason, Knight Templar and Odd Fellow and a member of the Knights of Pythias. Mr. Peters was married in 1867 to Miss Clara Lyon at Sycamore, Ill. They have one child.

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Mr. Peters is a stanch democrat, and has often been honored by his party, having been chairman of the Iroquois county democratic committee for a number of years. He was a member of the thirty-first general assembly of Illinois, was the democratic candidate for the state senate in 1884 and the democratic nominee for congress in 1886 against L. E. Payson, who defeated him by a reduced majority. From 1876 to 1880 Mr. Peters was mayor of Watseka. He is now serving as a member on the board having in charge the affairs of the new public library. Mr. Peters served four years and three months in the union army during the war of the rebellion, serving in the Sixteenth and Seventy-fourth Ohio Regiments. He enlisted in the Seventy-fourth Ohio as a private and came out with the rank of major. He was colonel of the Ninth Illinois National Guard from 1878 until 1883, and was formerly commander of Williams Post, No. 25, G. A. R., and is a member of the Loyal Legion. He was wounded at the battle of Stone River and in the campaign against Atlanta. He is a Mason, Knight Templar and Odd Fellow and a member of the Knights of Pythias. Mr. Peters was married in 1867 to Miss Clara Lyon at Sycamore, Ill. They have one child.